CHATELAINE

SEPTEMBER · 1939
TEN CENTS

Beginning

A
NEW
SERIAL
by

I. A. R. WYLIE

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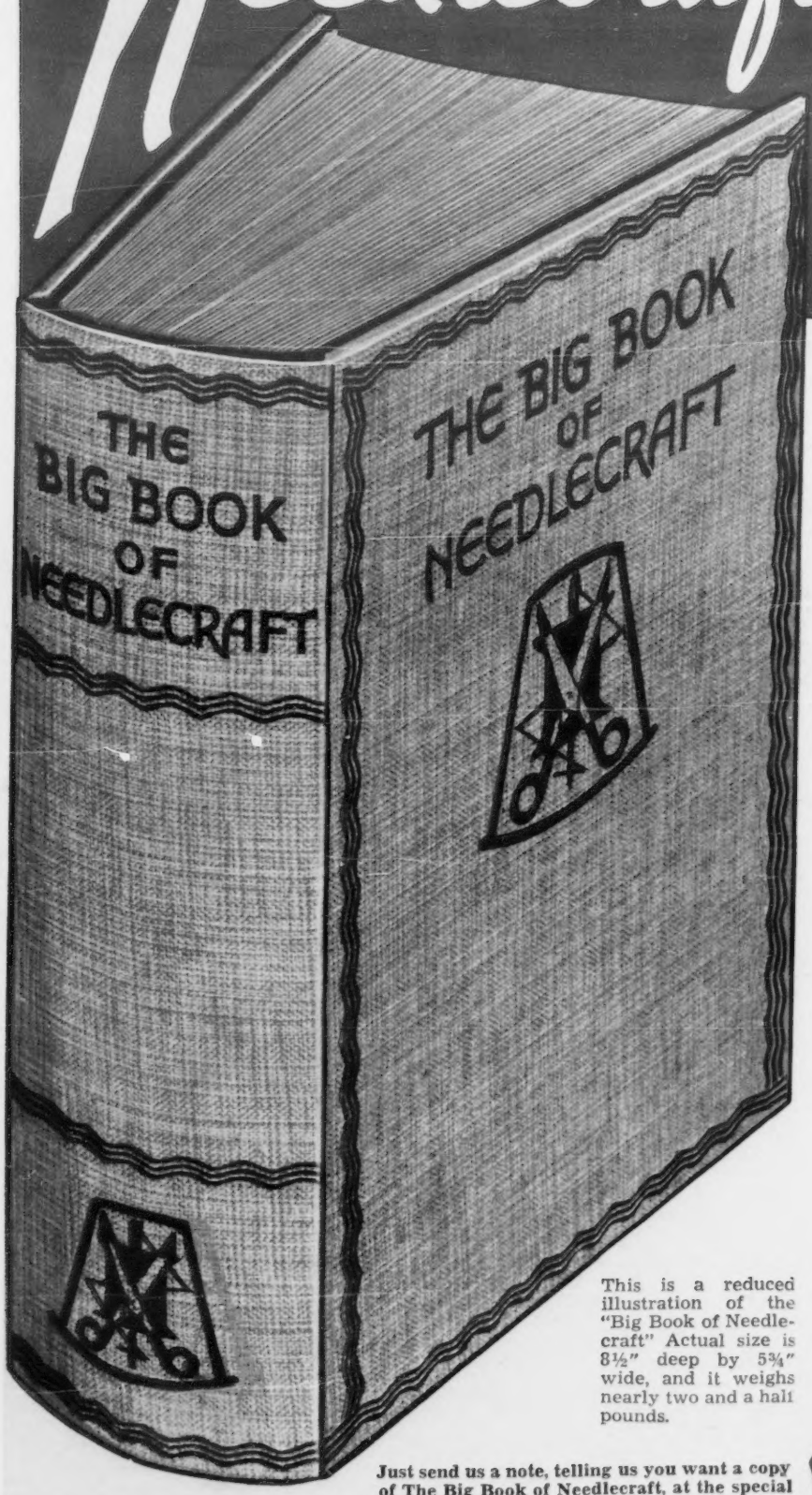

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Nothing Begins Today

Fast moving events start the S.S. Siren *on an adventurous voyage*

by I. A. R. WYLIE

IT WAS not the quiet, dignified leave-taking to which Elinor had looked forward. She had resigned herself to the idea of a few reporters and photographers. Naturally they would want to write up the rumored romance between Miss Elinor Reeves, daughter of Sir George Reeves, Bart., and Mr. David Trevellyn Gretorex, only son of Lord John and Lady Flavia Gretorex of Longspere Manor, Somerset. After all, the poor things made a living doing that sort of thing and it was only fair to help them. In fact Sir George had drawn up a cautiously worded statement to the effect that on Mr. Gretorex's return from a business trip to Shanghai in connection with the General Anglo-Sino Development Company of which Lord John was chairman, an engagement might be announced.

However, nobody asked him for it. There were plenty of reporters and photographers. But they jostled the Gretorex-Reeves party rudely on one side and joined the noisy mob which had gathered expectantly outside a reserved first-class carriage. Elinor felt that everything had been spoilt.

"Darling," she said, "I wish you weren't going."

He looked down at her and wished that he didn't blush so unexpectedly. It was a silly schoolboy trick. And he wasn't a schoolboy. He was a very self-controlled young man. On the other hand Elinor had never called him "darling" before. He knew she loved him. She had admitted as much last night when after a long rather inarticulate walk they had come to the fringe of Longspere Park, looking toward the house. In the fading light it had gleamed dimly, like a grave friendly ghost, against a background of dark trees. If you were idiotic you could have imagined anything—shadows of great men and women gliding across the velvet lawn—music or the clash of arms. David had been very nearly idiotic. It was the knowledge of how nearly he had come to losing it all. And the prospect of going away from it—

Then he had turned to the girl beside him. He'd meant to say, "We'd better hurry. We'll be late for dinner." But suddenly he'd seen that she belonged too and how absolutely right she was. So he'd forgotten about dinner. And she hadn't pretended not to understand. That was one of the wonderful things about her. She wasn't only lovely in a cool clear way that made you think of a formal garden just

As the music started she leaned forward, hands on knees, and sang direct to him.

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him with child-like admiration.

Illustrated by Timmins

That's what the crowd's here for—to see her off."

"And who," Sir George enquired—"is this—eh—person?"

Lord John raised his fair tufted eyebrows. Biff-Janey, he explained, was Jane Janeway. For the last six months she'd been singing and dancing in a revue called "Pigs in Clover" which was the next best thing to a good old-fashioned vulgar music-hall. But three years ago she'd been a Lancashire mill hand. The country had gone wild about her. Hadn't Sir George heard—? No, Sir George hadn't. The two men looked slightly indignant. Lady Flavia smiled at Lord John affectionately. Dear old darling. As he grew older he grew more and more like a good-natured, nice minded, slightly bewildered hedgehog. And how he enjoyed putting on white ties and tails and sitting in the front row of the stalls and sprawling his name at the foot of monstrous restaurant bills. Time was when a plumber's bill had given him the shudders.

Those bad days were over. Hedgey had gone into business. High finance, he called it. She remembered the day when she had caught him brooding over that prospectus, "The General Anglo-Sino Development Company, Lord John Gretorex, Chairman." He had been quite shy about it. But very proud. And when he had explained the Anglo-Sino Company and its activities to her she had been proud too. And very slightly worried.

But the main result was that Longspere which wasn't entailed, wouldn't have to go the way of the Lelys and the Gainsboroughs. It would come to David. And David would settle down and marry some nice girl. Lady Flavia hadn't realized, until it was too late, how nice Elinor was. And quite lovely. Absolutely right in every way. Like her father. Everything Sir George said and did was right. Only oddly enough you never seemed able to remember what he did do or exactly anything he said. A dry, elusive little man—more like an animated Treaty than a human being. But a good neighbor. At least it was he who had put Hedgey into business. Used his influence. Unofficially of course. As an official he had to keep his hands off private interests. "Caesar's wife, you know," he had explained with his not very amused smile.

"Let's get somewhere where we can see her," Hedgey said.

Lady Flavia disentangled her lorgnettes from a bead necklace and a near-by porter helped her collect her bag and a couple of scarves. A strand of hair had broken from its moorings in a way that would have caused her maid, who toiled over her, acute distress. The bystanders smiled—almost tenderly. And quite respectfully. She sailed through them in Hedgey's wake like a battered but undefeated battleship.

BIFF-JANEY had the sort of punctuality that got her wherever she was going just in the nick of time. But tonight there had been one curtain-call too many and the dressing room was so full of flowers you couldn't move or think straight. It was a downright shame, Biff-Janey said unhappily. All that good money thrown out of the window by a lot of nice silly people who probably couldn't pay the rent. And tomorrow the flowers would be dead anyway and she on the sea somewhere and wishing she were dead too, no doubt. At intervals she picked up cards and read them aloud in a rather husky, astonished voice. She couldn't get used to the idea, she said, that sensible people could make such a song and a dance about just a song and a dance.

It wasn't by accident that she picked on the orchids.

"There's my old buffer again!" she said.

Mrs. Janeway asked what old buffer. And Biff-Janey said she didn't know. The woods were full of old buffers. But this one was different. To her knowledge she'd never laid eyes on him. But every opening and closing night—anywhere—there were his orchids. With a plain card. "From a devoted friend," it said.

"Must have a lot o' brass," Mrs. Janeway said. "Happen he isn't so old either."

That idea hadn't struck Biff-Janey before. In her experience that sort of silly persistence went with age. But perhaps Ma was right. Perhaps it was the young chap who'd grinned at her from the second row. A nice looking young chap. But why orchids?

Mrs. Janeway knew and said exactly what she thought. She was a small tight-lipped little woman and sat on the edge of her chair as though she didn't trust it much—or anything else for that matter. The inverted pudding basin hat which a certain type of Englishwoman wears as a badge of virtue made her pungent remarks seem very unlikely. She said that Capitalism produced that sort of thing and the sooner the whole system blew up and all the old and young buffers of the orchid variety with it the better.

"Come to think of it, Ma," Biff said, "I'm a bit of a Capitalist myself."

"Thee are not," Mrs. Janeway retorted. "And if thee knew thy Marx as thee should thee'd know thee weren't. A capitalist—" Mrs. Janeway said in declamatory tones—"is a parasite, exploiting his fellow-creatures. Thee's carried what thee's got with thy own sweat—"

"Charm, Ma, charm—"

"Thee can call it charm. I call it sweat. Leastways it's not Capitalism.? Now thee take the Soviets—"

"Not now, Ma. I've got my hands full. You take 'em."

Mrs. Janeway sniffed.

"That's no way to talk, my girl. Thee poor dad would turn in his grave to hear thee. And don't thee ever forget him either—"

"Not likely, Ma."

"He was a hero," Mrs. Janeway said. She held herself very straight. An invisible flag ran up. She invisibly saluted it. "A proletarian hero," she amended.

Biff Janeway, dogged by a worried-looking dresser, gathered together her last possessions. Suitcases bearing steamship labels shut their teeth on their contents with a dyspeptic groan. Someone knocked at the door and a hot faced young man grinned in the aperture.

"They've heard the news, sweetheart. We're all coming. It'll be a circus."

She blew him an absent-minded kiss.

"Bless you, Sandy. Bless you all—"

"If it weren't for the Capitalistic press," Mrs. Janeway said, "poisoning the mind of the Masses—"

The young man peered round at her and raised a clenched fist in salutation.

"Hello, Comrade Janeway. I didn't see you. All power to the Soviets! Come up some day and see me liquidated—"

"The only kind of liquidation thee'll ever know—" Mrs. Janeway began. The door slammed. "Boorjwah impudence!" she concluded crisply.

SHE RELAPSED into grim watchful silence. Strange people banged in and out. Mr. William Scoffield, the manager, kissed Janey and called her darling. He said England wouldn't be England without its Biff. Anybody could have the place. Even Hitler. And would she swear to heaven to be back in time for the January rehearsals? Biff-Janey swore to heaven. She hugged him. The rest of the cast swarmed in. They all kissed her. They all called her "darling." Though Mrs. Janeway had no use for Boorjwah conventions there were times when Melford, her birthplace, reasserted itself. These were what Melford, with significant shrugs and raisings of eyebrows, would call 'goings-on.' Mrs. Janeway knew that, in the Melford sense, they were not. But she didn't know how she knew. She felt sometimes like a spinsterish alley cat she had once possessed and who late in life had produced a Persian kitten. Just plain puzzled.

Janey wasn't even like her father. Jeremy hadn't had any use for anything except Causes. He'd been a fighter to the day of his martyr's death. In fact it was fighting for Women's Suffrage that he and she had met each other and fallen in love. In the War he'd been a Conscientious Objector and got into a lot of trouble. Then he'd joined the Irish and fought like a tiger for them. After that mess was cleaned up he and she had gone after the Capitalists. Jeremy had often said when the Capitalist system was gone he didn't know what they'd turn their hand to.

Bert was like his father—only gone to the dogs. But Janey was just Janey. Never seemed to care seriously for anything except making people laugh. Not that she hadn't spunk. She'd proved it that day at the mill strike. Ever since then she'd been Biff-Janey to everyone.

In spite of herself Mrs. Janeway chuckled.

Another young man came in—shyly, as though he knew he didn't belong—and she greeted him with a sigh of relief. Not but what Frank ought to have been chairing the Party meeting in Whitechapel. But then Frank was a bit of an individualist—about Janey anyway. It was his one weakness. He couldn't keep away from her. And Janey liked him. Happen they'd get married when she came back. A nice, open-faced young chap. Not like those flimsy gadabouts. He came and stood close to her. She guessed he was trying to comfort her. And that he needed a spot of comfort himself.

"Chin up, Mrs. Janeway. She'll be back before you know she's gone. And she'll bring Bert back with her—"

"I'm not sure, Comrade. I've been looking at th' map. China's a biggish place. It'll be like hunting for a needle in a haystack."

"There isn't a haystack ☆ *Continued on page 40*

at the break of spring. She was so honest. She'd begun to make plans at once. After his brief business career they would be engaged and he would go into Parliament. Then they would marry and buy back the lost land and reorganize the tenant-farmers, clearing out the feckless old stagers who wouldn't take to modern methods and never paid the rent. They would breed prize cattle and David would be an M.P., a J.P. and an M.F.H. She didn't mention children. But David guessed that at the same moment they were both entering their first son at Eton. And he had had a queer tight feeling about the heart.

He glanced at the station clock. Thanks to Sir George, who was a permanent official in the Foreign Office and a great stickler for punctuality, there was still a rather dreadful half hour before the train left. And in half an hour anything can happen.

"I might change my mind," he said, "—and not go."

"Of course you must go. Your mother is quite right. You ought to see something of the world and have more experience. So that when you come back you will really know—"

"I do now."

"You're so young—"

"We're both young—thank heaven."

"It's lovely, isn't it?"

"And we both know," he said.

She smiled up at him.

"And we won't change—either of us."

"If you were the changing sort I couldn't go—"

"If I were you wouldn't want to marry me."

Which was absolutely right. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a small white package.

"It's for you. I meant to give it to you in the taxi. But mother would come with us."

He watched her open it. And he knew even before he saw her expression that he had blundered. It was one of those lapses from good sense which were probably inevitable if you happened to have a mother like Lady Flavia. Any time you were off guard she cropped up in you. She had cropped up that morning outside the jeweller's. He had had the sales-price of his sports car in his pocket and that together with the emerald ring in the window and Lady Flavia in his blood had been too much for his judgment.

Elinor put the box gently back in his hand.

"It's lovely, David."

"It's yours. It's your engagement ring."

"But we're not engaged."

"Not officially. But we both know."

"We do. Other people don't." She gave him a quizzical little smile. "A nice girl doesn't take rings from a man unless she's engaged to him."

"I suppose not," he grinned back ruefully. "I was an ass.. All right. I'll keep it for you."

"Perhaps there'll be some lady in Shanghai—"

"Don't—"

"Darling—I'm only teasing. You don't want me to cry, do you?"

"I'd hate it."

"We both hate that sort of thing, don't we? Letting oneself go and all that. So you must let me joke a little."

"All right. But not about women—"

"You're not hurt, are you?"

"Not a bit. It doesn't matter about the ring. Just the same—everything begins today, for us."

"Everything," she said.

They lapsed into silence. David glanced at the clock again. There was still twenty-five minutes.

LADY FLAVIA was arguing with Sir George.

"You can call it air-conditioning if you like," she said. "I call in a confounded draught."

She said it very loudly and Sir George looked shocked and several bystanders turned round to stare. In any other country they would have continued to stare. For she would have been an unusual figure. Her tall angularity was crowned with a large garden hat and swathed in a flowered chiffon to which had been casually added a feather boa, several Liberty scarves and bead necklaces and a lorgnette at the end of a silver chain. All these objects seemed engaged in a panic-stricken effort to escape from her.

With a signal flag torn in strips he improvised a splint and sling. He worked deftly and she watched

"If people want to be cold," she said, "they can open the windows. It's usually cold enough outside to please anyone."

She sounded annoyed. And in fact she was. But it wasn't air-conditioning or even Sir George that had upset her. It was David's last remark which she had happened to overhear. To begin with it wasn't true. Nothing ever began today. He hadn't the day he was born. The real start of David Trevellyn Gretorex had been in the primeval ooze, or whatever they called the stuff—or at least with the first Gretorex enterprising enough to stick his nose out of it. But what bothered her about David's wild exaggeration was that he didn't look wild or exaggerated—but merely as though he had thought of something charming to say and had said it, as he always did, at the right moment.

He was in love. So he had told her that morning. What he called being in love. She had been tempted to explain to him how she had felt about Hedgey twenty-five years ago. And still felt about him. David would have been shocked. And it wasn't fair to shock him. He had never shocked her. Which was what was so worrying. She looked at him anxiously. He was undeniably good to look at. People were always raving to her about his looks. Especially silly women. Rather aloof, of course. But so provocative. (Whatever they meant by that). He rode well, whenever the Gretorex fortunes ran to a good horse. (Thank heaven they did now). Elinor said he danced divinely. (An idiotic expression). He made old clothes distinguished (which, in the past, had been fortunate). He had taken Firsts at Oxford where he had been known as the Great Gretorex and had stroked his crew to victory.

And now he was practically engaged to the right girl.

Lady Flavia gave a small sniff.

Anyway with his long chin, his ice-blue eyes and the rather satanic peak to his thick close-cropped fair hair he bore the first Sir Peter Gretorex whose very bad portrait still hung in the library at Longspere, a marked resemblance. As Sir Peter had been a highly successful Elizabethan pirate and a terrific scandal at Court, Lady Flavia felt somewhat comforted.

All the same she wished that David would show some sign of emotional disarray—a flushed cheek, for instance, or a smoldering spark in the eye.

Lord John, who had been in conference with a train conductor, bustled up.

"Gad, David has all the luck. Guess who's going to be on board? Why, Biff-Janey. The man just told me.

You Want

by ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

It wasn't until afterward that Katie remembered she ought to have slapped him for taking such a liberty.

wasn't so much to be particular about, for a more draggle-tailed estate than Ballybawn couldn't be found the whole length and breadth of the province of Leinster.

And Terence Molloy and his lady giving themselves the airs they did, although to be truthful and give the ould divil his due, 'twas more her than him.

Plastered with mortgages was Ballybawn, as who should know better than Tim Kelly, with the fields filling up with bracken and the timber all cut to nothing. But didn't they keep up the style!—though again it was more her than him—with Mrs. Mulligan to mind the gates and old Mulligan taking time off from the fowls and pigs to wait on 'em at table, whether there was anything to eat or not, and their Katie who was so high above the Tim Kellys of this world that a man would need to climb the Hill of Howth to get a sight of her, even.

ONCE A month Tim drove the thirty miles to Ballybawn to transact his father's business, which was mainly to remind Terence Molloy of overdue interest, and deliver such funds as there might be, for the grand man was too busy to open letters, and would be having what money was coming to him in cash because otherwise the bank would have collared it to reduce his overdraft.

A big, red-faced man he was with a rough tongue in his head when his temper was roused, and hard to believe that such a rapscallion could have bred such an angel as Katie. Hard to believe it, too, when you saw her mother, who was like a female beadle in Tim Kelly's opinion. She gave him a turrible pain in the neck, and one of these days he'd stand up to her, he would then, and tell her a few things that would be giving her soul a holy fight.

In fact today should have been ideal for telling off Mrs. Molloy, but it would be observed that Tim Kelly threw away his cigarette before he reached the big house. And he didn't try any funny business with the horn to announce himself, although sorely tempted in that respect by the yapping chorus from the pack of mangy hounds cluttering the doorstone. His expression was all milk and mush as, delivering a few sharp kicks here and there, he made a passage for himself and pulled the bell which, for the whole five years he had been coming here, Tim Kelly had been betting himself would come off in his hand. It rang as though to raise the dead, but there were no dead at Ballybawn, although Mulligan could be deaf enough to pass for such if it suited him.

Katie Molloy answered the bell herself, for there was only Bridget Casey in the kitchen, Mulligan having gone to help her father choose a pig or two for slaughter when the butcher came on Saturday. And that little job would keep the both of them busy for hours, along with the gurgling bottle that bulged out the starboard pocket of Terence Molloy's old shooting coat.

Being fleet of foot Katie got to the front door before her mother had reached the top of the stairs.

KATIE WAS one of those dark-haired girls with a skin of milk and roses, and grey eyes fringed with the longest and blackest lashes you ever saw; and such a turn to her wrist and ankle, and such a laugh on her red lips that made the heart of the boldest lad tremble for the mere privilege of beholding her.

"Have you brought the letter?" she demanded breathlessly, forgetting in her excitement to give Tim a proper greeting.

"I have that," he replied, without enthusiasm.

"And was there money in it?"

"There might be the whole of a ten-pound banknote," Tim said regretfully.

"Oh, glory be!" cried Katie Molloy. "But come in, Mr. Kelly. I'm forgetting my manners. You'd like a glass of sherry, maybe and—and oh, here's Mother herself."

She had thought it all out about that stolen kiss. It has best be ignored, as one takes no notice of a blemish on the face of a friend.

The female beadle was now descending the stairs, a commanding figure in black which despite its dinginess contrived an air of elegance. She had Katie's eyes but her dark hair was streaked with grey and slicked into an unbecoming knob, and her lips had worn hard and thin with the grind of the years.

Tim Kelly knew the simple story of the squire's lady—as, indeed, who did not? One of four sisters who had inherited money, she was the only one who had found a husband, and the only one who now had no money at all except by the charity of the three wiser virgins.

"My aunt-heap," as Katie irreverently termed the Miss Gilligans, did not trust Terence Molloy now so far as to send their sister her doles through the post, for Terence was always first when the mail arrived, and while he tossed his own portion of bills and circulars onto the fire, anything from London in a sister-in-law's handwriting was sure to receive his personal attention.

CAP IN hand, and with his shoes creaking horribly, Tim Kelly tiptoed in the wake of Mrs. Molloy and Katie to the dining room, which presented its familiar appearance.

Breakfast was only partly cleared away, on account of Mulligan having been taken off this particular job when he was in the middle of it. A pair of the squire's muddy boots stuffed with crumpled newspaper steamed in front of the untidy fire, disputing the hearth with a couple of hounds privileged by extreme age. Guns and fishing gear were stacked in corners; there was a roll-top desk heaped with litter, its cubby-holes overflowing. On a broken-springed couch lay somebody's knitting and a basket piled high with the family mending. There were bookshelves and even a little upright piano. But there were, too, the dining table which would comfortably seat twelve people, and a gargantuan sideboard cluttered with various half-empty decanters, biscuit tins, a bowl of stunted apples and the remains of an unwholesome looking home-cured ham cut well to the bone. In fact, the so-called dining room of Ballybawn was prepared for almost anything.

Mrs. Molloy majestically seated herself on the couch, which gave its usual ping of protest, and reached out for the letter, which was not addressed to her, but to the senior Kelly. Its contents should have brought a flush of shame to her cheeks.

"Dear Mr. Kelly,

As I and my sisters have said before, we will be only too glad to have dear Katie come for a long visit to us and will do what we can for the child, even going so far as to make her an adequate dress allowance. But this is the third time we have sent the money for her fare to London, and we must now instruct you to withhold the enclosed banknote (£10) until such time as it is convenient for Mrs. Malloy to allow Katie to leave Ballybawn. When such time may arrive, I trust that either you or Mr. Timothy will be able to accompany her to the Dublin packet, purchase her ticket and see her safely off.

Very truly yours,
Moira Gilligan."

Of course it was no news to Tim that former remittances for this specified object had been hypothecated to other purposes, nor had he personally queried the practice on ethical grounds, but having it thus dragged into the light of day caused him to blush hotly for Mrs. Molloy, since she refused to do so for herself.

"BUT WHERE'S the money?" asked Katie. "I thought you said you had it?"

Her mother answered for him.

"Mr. Kelly is keeping the money to buy your ticket. This time you are really going, Katie. As you know, I had already made up my mind."

Tim looked mournfully down at his boots, and glancing in his direction Katie's expression was a little mournful, too.

"Am I really?" she asked, half regretfully.

"You are so," Mrs. Molloy said in a loud and very firm voice. "And isn't it high time, too? For how would a girl like you have a chance to get a husband here in Ballybawn, or in the whole benighted countryside if it comes to that? Do you want to be an old maid like your aunties?"

Katie fetched a sigh and forbore to look again at Tim Kelly.

"No, it's the opportunity you want, Katie. A girl like you has no chance Continued on page 36

Opportunity is What

IT WAS one of those lovely mornings after a soft rainy dawn, with the clouds streaming over from the plains of Kildare and sliding up and up the purple and golden sides of the Wicklow mountains, and the sunlight leaping hither and yon over the chekered green of the fields, changing the colors of the cruising rooks from black to brightest silver.

The sort of morning, in fact, when Katie Molloy of all people should be singing one of those ballads of her own making, that she had matched to familiar airs to comfort herself with memories of home amid the somewhat dingy austerities of a suburban convent school. It was some years now since she had left that place, and in hours of boredom she had only to think of it and of all the poor girls who were going to be nurses and school teachers and secretaries, and were doubtless in the thick of their respective fates by now, to feel that Ballybawn was several stages nearer heaven than anywhere else within a hundred miles of College Green.

But she hadn't felt that way recently. The Old House at Ballybawn was beginning to seem more like a prison than an outpost of heaven. Something surely was going wrong with her, and surely she wasn't too proud to admit to herself that she knew what it was. But was it, though? Was it Tim Kelly, or just the thought of endless years of Ballybawn, that she had thought she loved so much?

Well, glory be to God, it was a fine morning for a man to be motoring the way from Dublin, though the roads might be a bit slippery after the rain, and the sun and the wind—and other things as well perhaps—might be making him too bold and tumultuous altogether.

So it was that Katie Molloy, forgetting to sing, hung out of the window straining eyes and ears not for the sight and sound of the mountains, but for a sign of Tim Kelly, the son of the Dublin factor. He should be here by now unless every clock in the house lied, which it was more than likely, seeing there were only the two of them that ever went at all and nobody remembering to wind either.

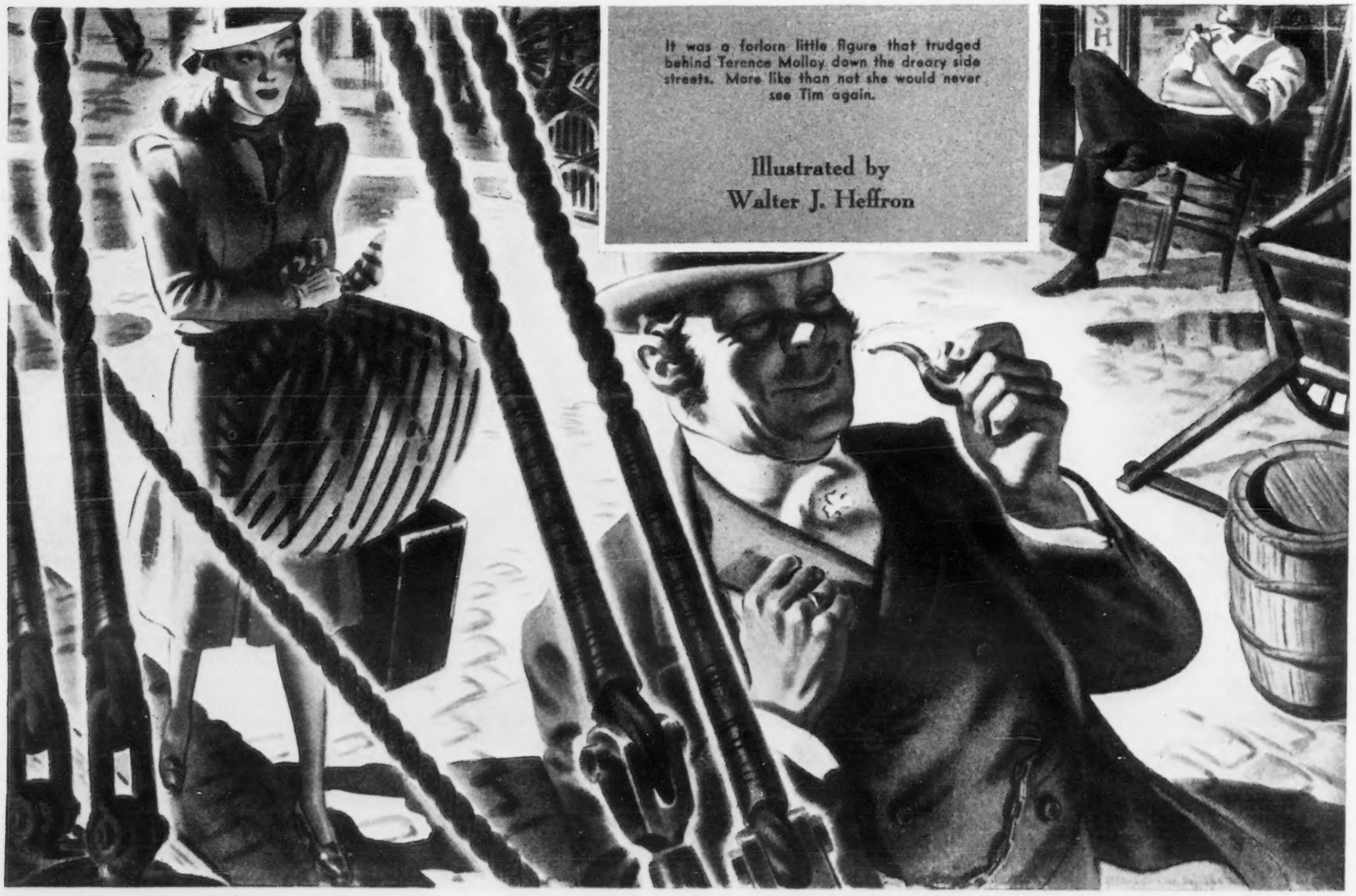
The thought of Tim brought palpitations quite apart from the news he would have on him. Last month he had stolen a kiss when her mother's back was turned for a matter of ten seconds, and it wasn't until afterward that Katie remembered she ought to have slapped him for taking such a liberty.

Somehow this news he was bringing, news that might settle her fate this way or that, seemed mixed up with Tim Kelly, himself, although it had nothing whatever to do with him. Either way, Katie felt it was likely to tear her heart to ribbons, since this time there would be no fiddle-faddling with the funds. This time her mother meant business. That is, if the money came. For while her mother certainly hadn't seen that kiss, she possessed a sixth sense which warned her that quite possibly it had occurred.

Katie's father was out of harm's way for the morning, praise be to God, but there was no getting rid of her mother who was as anxious to hear Tim's news as Katie herself, and never forgot a date, especially when a visit from Tim was impending.

BUT FOR all of Katie Molloy's impatience, Tim Kelly was not late, no more than usual, anyway. From her window she could not see the lodge, but she could hear when he brought up his car with a flourish and gave a syncopated tootle on the horn.

Tim lighted a cigarette whilst awaiting Mrs. Mulligan's pleasure in opening the gates. When she saw who it was she cursed him and went back to her washtub. He cat-called her and reluctantly alighted to open the gates himself, but he got even by leaving them open so she would have to come out again or risk a bully-ragging from him they were still old-fashioned enough to call the squire. Although, by all the saints of Ireland, there



It was a forlorn little figure that trudged behind Terence Molloy down the dreary side streets. More like than not she would never see Tim again.

Illustrated by Walter J. Heffron

The young man stopped on his way to the dining car. "Where have you been, my pretty maid?" he asked.

her hands apart. "She's begun to drive us asunder."

"Perhaps happiness will soften her. Sometimes people are hard because they're unhappy."

"Not Billy—think of it, she calls herself 'Billy'!"

"Is he your only child?"

"My only child."

The train slowed down for an unscheduled stop at a junction, and the porter lifted the woman's bags, black and elegant with rich mountings and monograms. She rose, and Alice rose and went with her to the door.

"Perhaps things will turn out better than you expect."

The woman shook her head. "She'll after a while buy herself a new husband," she said wryly. "If you call that better."

A tall young man ran down the platform and took the woman in black in his arms. The steps were lifted and the door closed. Snow was falling, quietly, with ominous density.

I'm going home! thought Alice. I'm going home to Frank and Edward. In the morning I shall be there. Oh, let us not be late!

Young Wilson sat with her all evening. Two smoking-room acquaintances enviously commented. "She made friends with that youngster fast enough!" said one.

Their stare amused Alice. You wouldn't have looked at me that way last fall. You would have said, How dowdy!

She glanced frequently and without apology at her watch, a very beautiful wrist watch with a disproportionately large second hand. Let him keep on, she prayed. Or I too shall be talking. I've never told even Frank all my troubles. I won't be beguiled by this casual acquaintance.

Young Wilson turned her wrist so that he could see the face of her watch. It was almost midnight; their berths had long since been made up, and they sat unreproved in the drawing-room. The speed of the train had slackened; once it stood for an hour.

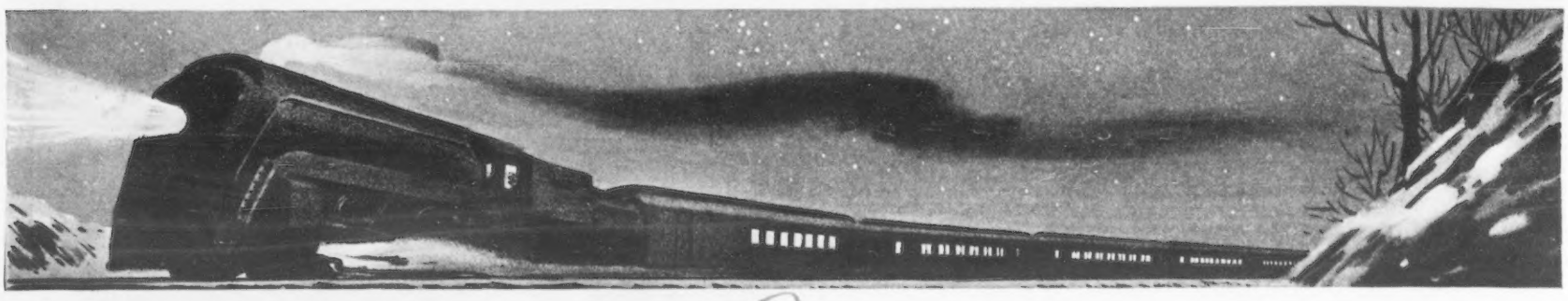
"Do you mind if I talk on?"

"I'd like you to talk on."

"So they died—everybody; my brother in France, then, after three years, my father and mother. Do you know what it means to have no one?"

"I can imagine."

"I was at McGill. I knew a family, a father and mother and two daughters—twins. The father taught in the university. Agnes was my girl. My first position was in Alaska. She wanted to go with me, but her family didn't approve and I didn't think it fair to take her—things were too uncertain. At the end of two years I had a vacation. I wired Agnes I'd call from Chicago on my way to New York, where I had to report. I wanted to take her back with me and two weeks isn't too much *Continued on page 22*



Journey Home

by ELSIE SINGMASTER

ALICE FEVEREL dined in Vancouver at six o'clock on Saturday, January 9, and drove to the station. The steamer from Hong Kong had docked at noon, and she was to leave at seven-fifteen. She was escorted to her train by Henry Fulton, a tall pleasant bachelor, the Vancouver representative of Benson and Delone, in whose employ she had been.

"How good the cold air feels!"

"Are you fed up with the tropics?"

"A little."

"The journey home will seem long. This is Saturday—you get to Montreal Wednesday morning. Mr. Feverel and your boy have been well?"

"Yes, thank you."

Fulton bade her good-by on the train with many enquiries for her comfort. Were her bags all on hand? Yes, she had her handbag with her and her large suitcase was under her berth. She had left most of her thin Javan clothes behind; she would replenish her winter wardrobe in Montreal.

"And have the hems of my skirts turned up!" How willing I'll be to wear them trailing, she thought, if I get safely home!

"Skirts are going up and up." Mr. Fulton laid an armful of books and magazines on the seat.

"What a library," cried Alice. "How generous you are!"

"Come again and stay longer, then we'll try to express the gratitude of Benson and Delone. I'd like to call on you and Mr. Feverel when I'm in Montreal. I go twice a year."

"We live at Edgewood, a suburb, not far out, but a village."

Mr. Fulton shook hands and went on his way. A magnificent creature, she was!

Alice sank back in her seat. She felt the blood beat in her neck, in her wrist. I'm going home! I'm going home! A few days and I shall see Frank and Edward. It seems like five years since I went away.

The porter came to her side. "Have you everything you need, madam?"

"Everything."

"I remember when you came out in early summer. You had a lovely lady and a young baby with you. I hope they're well."

"They are, indeed!"

"Your berth is made up."

Alice glanced at her travelling companions. When one was sad, one took no interest in other people, but when one's heart was light—ah, that was different! Besides, to talk to pleasant strangers would help pass the time. Across the aisle, a young man of medium height, with a square, pleasant face, was arranging his luggage in the upper berth; beside him waited the prospective occupant of the lower—a heavy man with sagging flesh. In the section ahead a woman sat absorbed in a book. She was perhaps fifty years old, her thick hair was a uniform iron grey. Her dress was black, the gleaming stones in the clip at her neck were, Alice believed, diamonds.

The young man's an engineer, perhaps, thought Alice. The older man's tired and frightened. The woman's an aristocrat.

The woman lifted her eyes and looked directly at Alice. Ah, I'm so happy, said Alice's blue eyes. Would that we would never start, said the woman's dark eyes.

Alice talked with her for a moment in the dressing room. Yes, they seemed to be the only women in the car. Yes, travel was light. Meeting the young man in the aisle, she returned his pleasant glance with one equally pleasant, reflecting that she was now old enough to look at anyone.

Long after she had gone to bed, she heard the middle-aged man come to his berth. He breathed a long sigh as he lay down. She looked at her watch—it was one o'clock. Her heart sang, I'm going home! I shall see Frank and Edward!

IN THE morning the middle-aged man handed her a newspaper bought at Revelstoke. The young man invited himself to accompany her to the observation car. "I've never taken this route," he said. "I must hear someone ejaculate." His name was Wilson; he was going all the way to Montreal. The woman in black was knitting; the heavy, dark-red wool appeared coarse in her white hands and against the rich material of her dress. A great diamond flashed as her fingers moved. She looked at her wool, not at the moving panorama of forest and stream, mountain and glacier.

I'm going home! said Alice's smile to forest and glacier. It's Sunday—when I wake we'll be at Regina.

The middle-aged man sat with her for an hour Monday morning; in the late afternoon he paced the Winnipeg platform with her for a half-hour. He was, she could see, a sick man.

"You look like a kind person," he said. "I'm in great trouble."

"I'm very sorry."

"I'm a grain broker in Port Arthur. I've been honest and I've worked hard, but I'm ruined. I hoped to raise money in Vancouver, but my friends can't help me."

"Perhaps life will be simpler and easier."

"My children will suffer. I don't care for myself."

"Are they young?" Ah, my poor Edward, thought Alice.

"No, they're grown. Married."

"Do you mean they'll suffer for the necessities of life?"

"I mean they'll be ashamed, embarrassed. They'll have no more de luxe cars and ermine wraps. You look as thought you'd never known financial anxiety."

Two words came into Alice's mind—twenty cents. She saw herself standing on a street corner with twenty cents in her hand, wondering whether she should pay bus fare, or wear out ten cents worth of shoe leather. "I—" The conductor signalled a return to the train. I almost told my troubles! Oh, don't let me tell my troubles to anyone!

On her way to dinner Alice sat down beside the woman in black, whose fingers continued to fly. "That's Red Cross yarn. I've knitted a good many pounds."

The woman's face lighted into a sudden beauty. "I've not had needles out of my hands since 1917. I made a vow of thankfulness because my boy was too young to go to war. I've knitted pretty much over the world."

The young man invited her to dine at his table. "Where have you been, my pretty maid?" he asked gaily.

"I've been in Java, and I'm going to Montreal."

"In Java! I've been in Alaska and I'm going to Bogota."

"To Bogota!"

"I'm an engineer with the Phoenix Smelting Company. Not Phoenix, Arizona, but the phoenix that rises from the ashes."

He accompanied Alice to her seat. He liked Alaska as well as he could like any place at the time he went there. He described the brilliant sky, the aurora, the deep river, and told of an encounter with a bear. The middle-aged man across the aisle was listening.

"Won't you come over and sit with us?" invited Alice.

He accepted, but he seemed to hear with only part of his mind. Port Arthur draws nearer, thought Alice.

When he returned to his seat, young Wilson went with him. "Java later," he said over his shoulder. Alice heard the two men talking, hours later. That nice boy's keeping him company, she thought.

IN THE morning she sat again beside the woman in black. Her own cheeks were bright, she wore a blue knitted blouse with the skirt of her dark blue suit; it showed her fine straight figure.

"You look like a very kind person," said the stranger. "I mean naturally kind. Perhaps you've never had trouble."

Trouble! thought Alice. "We've all seen trouble by the time we reach my age."

The woman leaned forward. "It would help to speak to someone whom I don't know and who doesn't know me. Perhaps you don't understand what it is to have one son and live for him."

"I know just that," said Alice. Oh, don't let me talk about Edward!

"How old is your son?"

"Ten years."

"Then he hasn't broken your heart. I'm going to my son's wedding to a hard, cruel girl." The woman threw

There were four of them on the trans-Canada flier - - - strangers to each other. But the passing days worked a strange drama in their lives

Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff

RACKET

by ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN

"Many people who wouldn't cheat an individual out of a nickel, cheerfully cheat the government out of thousands of dollars. Greed, ignorance and the break-down of family loyalty are the three commonest causes of chiselling the government"

sions have made it possible for needy persons to get help from the community with dignity and secrecy, there has been a change. Possibly, too, the modern custom of living in small houses or apartments has made it more difficult to accommodate poor relations than in the days of large homes. Whatever the reasons for failure to honor father and mother, it is a significant fact that since the Old-Age Pensions Act became law in 1927, every Canadian province except Quebec has found it necessary to pass Parents' Maintenance Acts, making it compulsory for sons and daughters to support aged and indigent parents if their means will permit. Quebec did not pass such a law because it was already part of the French civil code. At present, about fifty per cent of the people over seventy in Canada are getting old-age pensions, according to Hon. Charles Dunning.

Hence, when people with children find themselves in difficulties, they have a legal as well as a moral right to ask their offspring for help. When assistance is given willingly, as it is in thousands of cases, there is no problem. But if the young people say "It isn't a bit convenient to help you. Why don't you apply for relief or old-age pension?" complications arise. The only way the children can be forced to contribute is for the parents to lay a charge of non-support in police court. This results in the whole family being called in. The various children have to tell what their incomes are and what responsibilities they already have, and the magistrate decides to what extent they can help the old folks. Children can be made to contribute up to $20 a week each toward the support of parents. Obviously, however, such proceedings cause a lot of hard feeling, and perhaps make newspaper headlines.

Rather than endure the embarrassment and heartache involved, many people lie about their children's circumstances. In March, 1937, there was a discussion of old-age pension abuses in the House of Commons, and A. W. Neill, of Comox-Alberni, referred to the trouble arising in otherwise peaceful and happy families over non-support suits against children. He suggested that if any suing was to be done, the local old-age pensions board should do it, and not the parents. However, the law has not been changed, and dread of family rows is responsible for considerable fraud.

When they fill out applications for relief or old-age pension, people have to name all their children and tell their incomes. If the whole family lives in the same district, a check-up is possible, but many families are scattered, and in large cities it is hard to prove who is related to whom. Hence, quite often applicants get away with putting down Mary, who is married to a poor man on the next street, or George, who is in the dried-out area in Saskatchewan, and "forgetting" Tom, who is a successful doctor in another town. Unless the investigator knows all the family history, it would be agreed that none of the children could do anything, and pension or relief would be granted. I heard of one man earning $10,000 a year, whose parents get old-age pension, but as he lives several hundred miles away from them, the authorities have not yet found out he is evading his duty.

IT SHOULD be admitted, however, that in the early days of pensions, there was a lot of quite honest misapprehension about the scheme. Many people got the idea that the pension was a sort of prize for attaining threescore and ten. Others, especially farmers, thought it was a sort of dividend for helping to build up the country. Also, the lack of investigation resulted in certain undeserving cases getting on the lists, and this in turn made other old people think they should have the same privileges. But present-day methods no longer leave room for misapprehension.

Some frauds, of course, ☆ *Continued on page 34*

What are the Legal Obligations Toward Kin?

WHAT ARE the laws about responsibility for needy relations?

In all provinces, parents have to support their children until they reach sixteen years of age. Even on this point our laws are fairly recent—the first Canadian statute of the kind was passed in Ontario in 1893. Before that, children were regarded as their parents' property, and if fathers and mothers chose to starve or neglect them, it was considered their own business, and they could not be punished. Since 1893 there has been a series of Children's Protective Acts, and every province now recognizes the obligation of parents to provide food, clothing, shelter and education.

However, the day a child is sixteen, the legal obligation of parents ceases, and they cannot be sued for non-support if they turn the youngster out. They still have a moral responsibility to look after grown-up children who are unable to find work, and public opinion might make them uncomfortable if they refused further assistance, but the law cannot step in. A case was reported in Winnipeg this winter, of a man worth $100,000 who tried to get an unemployed son on relief. Feeling unwelcome at home has made many young men join the tragic army of unemployed transients.

People are not responsible for the support of their grandparents or parents-in-law, except in Quebec. However, the Quebec law works both ways, and parents-in-law have to support needy sons and daughters-in-law. In other provinces they cannot be made to contribute a cent.

Brothers and sisters are not responsible for supporting each other.

People are not responsible for their uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, grandchildren or cousins.

Children over sixteen are responsible for the support of aged, infirm, or indigent parents. Sons are obliged to contribute if they can, whether married or not, and so are unmarried daughters. All except very low-salaried workers are obliged to give at least partial support; the law does not say that children should have everything they want themselves before helping their parents. The amount of income exempt depends on circumstances and local conditions. Married daughters are liable for the support of parents if they have an income of their own, but not otherwise. This is because any money they might give would come out of their husbands' pockets, and except in Quebec, it is not considered part of a husband's duty to help his wife's parents. Incidentally, the many men all over the country who are giving help to their parents-in-law deserve a very special row of stars in their crowns.

While Parents Maintenance Acts were designed to protect the public against unscrupulous children, they do not protect children against unscrupulous parents, and occasionally young people are victimized. All too often able-bodied men think it a fine idea to retire as soon as two or three of their children get jobs. Lack of family loyalty is not confined to the younger generation. There was a recent case in Ontario of a healthy man aged forty-two bringing his two daughters into court because they refused to support him. He was able to work, but wasn't even trying to get employment. The magistrate expressed sympathy for the girls, but there was nothing he could do except order them to care for their good-for-nothing father. ☆

CANADA'S Meanest

"Other people get it, why shouldn't we?" they say, and plan ways to appear destitute as they ask for more help.

NOBODY can say positively what is Canada's biggest racket, but there is no doubt as to which is the meanest and the most widespread. From Atlantic to Pacific, from American border to timber-line, thousands of people every year are cheating the country by getting relief or old-age pensions to which they are not entitled, and thousands more try unsuccessfully to get on the lists. Last year the Dominion paid out $39,000,000 in old-age pensions and at least $100,000,000 in direct relief. Hon. Charles A. Dunning, Minister of Finance, has estimated that next year the pension total will be $46,000,000, and by 1951 it will be $62,000,000. Relief bills are bound to remain high until prosperity turns that corner. Hence it is obvious that saving even a small fraction of the total by checking up on chiselling is going to mean real money, and in the interests both of the genuinely needy and of the taxpayers who foot the bills, a strong public opinion against raids on the treasury should be created. Canadian women can use their votes and influence with telling effect if they set their minds to it.

Ontario is going to eliminate relief racketeering, or know the reason why. In January of this year, Hon. Eric Cross, Minister of Welfare, created the new post of Director of Unemployment Relief, and ordered immediate tightening up of relief administration throughout the province. The decision was prompted, Mr. Cross said, by the success of an investigation into relief administration in Ottawa, which resulted in a saving of approximately $437,000 in Ottawa's relief bill for 1938. He was sure that sending departmental investigators into other cities and towns would produce similar results. In the Ottawa investigation, he said, it had been disclosed that many persons receiving relief had been concealing substantial earnings from other sources. In other cases, relief allowances had been spent for radios, washing machines, watches, jewellery, furniture, and even automobiles. These conditions have since been corrected with the co-operation of the Ottawa authorities.

No other Canadian city has received as much publicity over relief scandals as Ottawa, but Montreal has had investigations, and most communities have had their share of startling disclosures. Newspapers all over the country carry frequent headlines about chiselling. Children don't look after their parents when they are able; parents lie about their own or their children's earnings; reliefees have large sums of money hidden away, etc. What are the reasons for all this?

FIRST, there appears to be a definite kink in the public conscience about public money. Many people who wouldn't cheat an individual out of a nickel will cheerfully cheat a government out of hundreds or thousands of dollars. "Other people get it, why shouldn't we?" they say, and plan ways of appearing destitute, when they really could get along without help. They don't think of it as robbing their friends and neighbors. If they think at all, they picture "the government" as having some mysterious reservoir out of which money flows painlessly when a sort of tap is turned. They feel they have as much right to this hidden hoard as the next person. Yet no government has any money to distribute except what is raised by taxes. Every cent paid in relief or pensions by civic, provincial, or federal authorities comes out of the pockets of ordinary citizens. Every person who goes on relief, or receives an old-age pension, automatically adds a little to the burden carried by taxpayers. These include not only those who pay income and property taxes, but those who make purchases at high prices due to sales taxes, gasoline taxes, excise taxes, import duties—and this means everybody. The very recipients of aid are themselves helping to pay the shot when they make purchases with the money handed to them.

Next to greed and ignorance, the commonest cause of chiselling is the breakdown of family loyalty. The modern version of an old proverb might well be "Blood is thinner than water." Not so many years ago it was taken for granted that people looked after their own relations if at all possible. It was a disgrace to have parents or close kin "on the town." This was partly due to a sort of clan system, partly to the fact that being "on the town" was both painful and public. However, since relief and old-age pen-

intense as when he had first met her at Marian's four years back. That was before anyone had ever heard of Marian Stafford, when Marian was just a young woman playing a small part in a Broadway comedy. In those days the older sister had seemed to him a little hard, a little too sure of herself. In Hugh's eyes Ellin, shy, awkward and adoring, had been far the more attractive of the two.

Even then the sisters had looked alike, though with certain differences that had now almost disappeared. Now the rest of the world was always eager to meet and admire Ellin—not as Ellin Watson (no, Stafford, Hugh thought) but as Marian Stafford's sister. From being amused and vicariously flattered himself, he had come to know, with a deepening sense of threat, that here was the rock on which their marriage might one day be shattered.

At the dinner table the talk turned, inevitably, to the cinema.

"Of course," Ellin was saying in the voice that was Marian's, "'Love for Nothing' and 'Velvet Paw' were tremendous box office draws and Molly was magnificent in them. Didn't you think so?" The question was aimed without warning, challengingly at Mrs. Trevor, a woman with a long nose and small bright eyes who sat opposite.

more of an ordeal than she had dreamed.

"I'm afraid I missed them." Mrs. Trevor's voice had a humorous edge to it. "We're not addicts, Harry and I. We prefer the theatre. Strange,"—the humor was lightly tinged with acid now—"your sister hasn't had much success on the legitimate stage, has she?"

Hugh saw Ellin's shoulders rise in a way he knew only too well; the corners of her mouth tightened and he suddenly felt queasy under his shirt front. He tried desperately to catch her eye; but it was too late.

"I have to do this," she said. "I have to be a success . . . be what people think I am."

"Oh, if you take the critics seriously!" Ellin's voice was scornful, carefully distinct. "I suppose they do have a certain snob appeal. To out-of-town theatre-goers especially."

Mrs. Trevor's eyes widened, amused. "You're quite right. I dare say we are snobs out here, theatrically speaking."

"Drama critics are sometimes unfair to Hollywood stars," Hugh put in hastily, "And Marian's play last year was pretty terrible."

"Quite," snapped Ellin in a strange, furious little voice. She darted a look at Mrs. Trevor who had returned to her salad. "But Marian's acting was superb!"

There was an embarrassed murmur of assent, in which Mrs. Trevor took no part. Ellin's eyes narrowed, then dropped, her cheeks a vivid, angry pink. Hugh drank a half glass of water, hurriedly.

BACK IN the drawing-room, over the coffee cups, Harry Trevor approached Ellin and Hugh. He was a tall, smiling, very blond young man in his early thirties.

"You people ought to be interested in the faculty shows," he began easily. "We do two or three a year—quite superior productions, really. Last year a friend of mine, Phoebe Robbins, came down to play the lead in our final production." Phoebe Robbins had distinguished herself in a near-success the preceding season; the drama critics had gone wild over her. "Something tells me, Mrs. Wat—pardon me, Miss Stafford," Mr. Trevor continued, "that you'd be a great addition."

"Thank you," Ellin said, "but I don't know that I care much about amateur acting." Her cheeks were still flushed, her head high, but Hugh knew that actually she was pretending.

"Oh, you're a professional, too, then?"

Ellin shook her head, "No, but . . ."

Hugh said, "I think you'd like it, Taffy. An excellent opportunity to make friends. I'm hopeless at that sort of thing; besides, I'll be pretty busy till I get settled in. But I promise to come and cheer."

"Drop around to the Club room," Trevor persisted to Ellin, "and meet the crowd. You'll like Tess Oakes. She's our best actress. There are a lot of girls' parts in this first play; be a good chance for you to slip in. Sometimes new members are kept waiting, but certainly not you." And his eyes were fatuous with admiration.

"I'll think about it." Ellin's smile was her own this time.

Mrs. Benham bore down on her.

"About the Faculty teas," she began. "We take them in groups of three and I'd like to have you in my group." She chatted on pleasantly for some time about cakes and sandwiches, unaware that Ellin's face was slowly taking on a trapped, frightened look. "They're given every Friday at the Dean's house," Mrs. Benham added. "I'm sure you'll . . ."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I've just . . ."

"Ellin's a swell cook," Hugh cut in quickly, and if a look could have deposited him on the steppes of Siberia he would have been there that instant.

"If I'm to play the lead in the faculty show," Ellin said, and her concern was almost convincing, "I'm awfully afraid I can't undertake anything more this term. Thank you ever so much for asking me."

GOING HOME in the small car Hugh was the first to speak: "Taffy, listen."

"Yes?"

He paused, then plunged. "We've got to settle this business. I don't want another . . ."

"What business?"

"You know. Faculty teas may bore you, but it's customary."

"Oh, Lord!" Her laugh was high and rather harsh. "They asked me to join everything, from the Parent-Teachers—whatever they are—to the Church Mission of Help—whatever that is."

"What did you say?"

"I said that so far I'd been spared parenthood, but that if I slipped up I'd let them know. And I told Mrs. Whosis—she's the churchly one; gets up committees to pray for an hour on alternate Thursdays—that I was an orthodox Yezdis and couldn't join any other denomination."

"A whatsis?"

"A Persian devil worshipper. You know; we read about them in a book."

Hugh scowled to cover the despairing laughter inside him. "People don't like being laughed at," he reminded her gently. "That crack at dinner . . ."

"Nobody," said Ellin, sitting up very straight, "is going to sneer at my sister and get away with it."

"Look, Taffy." Hugh slowed the car to a crawl. "We've got to make a go of it here. It's a good berth. I'll never have a better opportunity to get ahead and get ahead fast than I have here. Only you've got to help."

"Of course, darling." Ellin patted his knee lightly. "I intend to. But it's up to them, too, isn't it? I mean they've got to accept me as I am—accept the fact that I'm not like them—that I'm Ellin Stafford."

He looked at her, then away. "I think they're beginning to get the idea." His voice was dry, hollow.

If Ellin hadn't married me, he thought, edging the car carefully into the tiny garage, she'd be in Hollywood now, with Marian. That's what's making her act this way—hurting herself, hurting both of us.

He locked the garage door and dropped the key into an empty flower pot.

"Hugh." Ellin, waiting by the side door, turned and faced him. They stood very close, breathing in the smell of fallen oak leaves trodden in the mud, the cool air weighing on them like water. "I'm going to help. Really I am." Her voice trembled. I'm going to be good in this play. I know it. I'll be so good they'll forget all about those other things—teas and babies and hymn singing. They'll understand me, then. You'll see." Her hand sought his, eager, confiding, excited.

THE PLAY they had chosen was "Stage Door," Mr. Trevor explained; his broad white smile taking in the men and women gathered in the Club room. "It's a big cast," he went on, "and lots of swell bits for everybody. The casting committee will hear you read in a few minutes. Er . . ." He coughed lightly into his folded hand. "Fellow members, before we begin I want to present you all with a gift from God." There was a moment's pause. "One destined, I'm sure, to be our leading player—Ellin Stafford." He motioned to her and she stood up, facing the group.

She was wearing the mink coat Marian had given her the winter before, dark, ☆ *Continued on page 63*

I am Ellin Stafford

Her sister was a glamorous screen star . . . but she learned in a little college town that sincerity is more important than reflected glory

by FRANCES PARK

MUST YOU wear that?"

As she swirled to face him Hugh thought again how terribly like Marian she had become. It was partly the dress, of course. In Hollywood it had probably passed as quaint, simple, informal—something for Marian to slip into when she dined at home. But here at a small faculty dinner, important because it was their first . . .

"Why not?" Even her voice was like Marian's, the deep breathy staccato which her sister had made famous. "What's the matter with it?"—the t's lightly sputtering, like matches.

Hugh straightened his dinner tie in the dressing-mirror back of her, wishing he hadn't spoken.

"I'm afraid you'll find things different here in lots of ways," he said, his color rising slightly. "For one thing, in the city people are less apt to notice what one has on." Or how little, he wanted to add as Ellin swooped up a handglass to inspect the white curve of back and shoulder, the silky upswept hair. "I'm afraid my colleagues will be wondering what I do with the other half of my salary." He wanted her to laugh about it with him, but Ellin seemed to have forgotten how to be gay and easy since . . . .

"I could wear a placard, of course,"—her green-blue eyes were not amused—"saying it was a hand-out."

"Darling."

"Oh, please, Hugh!" She turned away. "You ought to know what an ordeal this is for me. New people. I think the University had its points, after all. Sometimes I wonder if we made a mistake."

"Perhaps there wasn't much choice." Hugh tried to catch her eye, but Ellin bent her head swiftly, evading the look. "I'm not saying it was your fault entirely. Some people can't help getting talked about. But passing yourself off as Marian in a cheap Village night club isn't quite . . ."

"Well, it amused me!" Ellin's head came up with a little jerk.

"I know." He studied the crease of his black trousers thoughtfully. "It mightn't have been so amusing if the place had been raided."

"Hugh!" She laughed then, and it was her own laugh, youthful and unaffected. "You're absolutely morbid!"

Hugh laughed, too, a little sheepishly, and went into his own room to put on his dinner coat.

But when he came back Ellin was posed in front of the pier glass, her head thrown back, smiling her other smile.

"I do look like her, don't I?"

Hugh swallowed. "Yes," he said, "it's extraordinary." But his face was grave as he laid the long velvet cape about her shoulders. He was wondering, among other things, if it was true that Professor Benham was being tapped for that post at McGill from which Matheson would be retiring in another two years, and what chance a new assistant professor like himself might have of stepping into an associate professorship at thirty-one. It would depend partly on how he and Ellin fitted into the community. He kissed the tip of his wife's ear. "I'm glad you're Ellin," he said. "I wouldn't want to be married to the movies."

She straightened, smiling at him over her shoulder, but he thought her eyes were somewhere else, not on him; on the future perhaps, some immediate future that was personal, secret, all her own.

AS THEY came into the Benham's drawing-room the other guests—members of Hugh's department and their wives—were standing about in little groups, talking. For a moment they paused while Hugh sought his hostess's eye. Ellin's arm on his tightened suddenly, pulled back, and he knew she was suffering from one of those curious attacks of shyness she had never been able to outgrow. But when he looked at her, the flung-back head, the smile, the posture—all not her own but Marian's—were held with perfect assurance.

There was a slight but unmistakable gasp as heads turned toward them; then they were swept into the circle, Hugh anticipating Mrs. Benham's introductions with swift little phrases: "My wife, Ellin Stafford," because that was what Ellin wanted. The company, a little embarrassed, avoided calling her anything at all.

Most of the women, he noticed, were in dark dinner dresses, black or wine colored. Ellin's strapless gown of chartreuse slipper satin with the garnet roses across the front stood out like a hollyhock in a vegetable garden.

Not that he wasn't proud of her, and more than proud. His was a lover's deeply concentrated adoration, as

"Now I think we can begin, Miss Stafford," said Mr. Trevor. "Read Please." It was

HOW MANY HAVE YOU TRIED ?

— AS *Campbell's* MAKE THEM

Here's a pantry supply of good soup-eating—twenty-one kinds, made for your enjoyment in Campbell's Canadian kitchens. Some of them you doubtless know and have enjoyed often. Now we invite you to try others of the twenty-one. Each has a different character, a different recipe and a different flavor. But *every* Campbell's Soup reflects the skill that can come only with many years of fine soup-making—and will give you the same pleasure as you have found in your old favorites. Why not make use of these soups to add greater variety to your menus? Which ones would you like to try some time soon? Check your choice below.

Sing a song of soup sense,
Of time and trouble saved,
And folks who find each Campbell kind
A soup for which they craved!

Cream-smooth purée of fresh young asparagus. Every plateful studded with tender tips. Extra-grand served as cream of asparagus.

Beany as bean soup can be! (1) Thick bean purée (2) brim-full of plump whole beans (3) savored with fine bacon. First aid for appetites.

We've glorified good beef—given it the title role in a soup all its own. Here are fine beef and hearty vegetables in a thick brown beef stock.

A deep-brewed beef broth enlivened with herbs, and spices, and garden vegetables. The whole is strained clear. A zesty appetite-rouser.

Snow-white, icicle-crisp celery, blended in a smooth purée, enriched with fine butter and decked out with celery pieces. A luxurious dish!

Cleaming golden broth, rich with chicken flavor in every spoonful, every drop. Melting tender chicken meat and fluffy rice in every plateful.

A great chicken-and-vegetable soup. Tender okra in it, and luscious tomatoes, and chicken meat. Adapted from a grand old Creole dish.

Campbell's version of the soup enjoyed by Canadian pioneers. Egg noodles and tender chicken meat in a deep-flavored chicken broth.

Chopped, fresh Nova Scotia clams blended with tomatoes, diced potatoes, piquant herbs and tangy clam juice. A real treat.

Clear beef broth with vegetable seasoning. It serves two ways to cope with all sorts of weather. Have it hot, or jell it in your ice-box in 4 hours.

Amber-clear beef broth studded with whole tender peas and dainty shreds of carrot, turnip, celery, Savoy cabbage. Flavored with herbs.

A lavish beef stock with tomato, celery, fragrant herbs and meat. A strong competitor for the costly green turtle soup. A real party soup.

Taste how good cream of mushroom can be! Fine young cultivated mushrooms are blended with thick cream. Lots of mushroom slices, too.

A celebrated English dish. Savory beef stock, meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables. Taste how tip-top Campbell's make it.

Of very finest peas we make a smooth purée, enhancing it with table butter. It's grand as a cream of pea, with milk added instead of water.

What a soup for hungry men! Tempting macaroni dumplings, potatoes, meat and spicy seasonings in a thick, hearty broth.

Thick and nourishing. It's a Highland fling of good mutton, vegetables and barley. Campbell's *should* know Scotch Broth. Taste and see!

The soup people buy (and enjoy!) most often. Glorious Campbell tomatoes, table butter and delicate seasonings in a keen-tasting purée.

Fifteen good garden vegetables in a rugged beef stock make a soup that's a grand main dish for lunch or supper—almost a meal in itself!

And now comes another nourishing vegetable soup—one with tender pieces of beef. Man-eating, we call it! Serve it to your men-folk soon.

Chicken and rice combined with East India Chutney and curry, wholesome vegetables, and fresh fruits. An unusual and enticing soup.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Although Queen Mary is retiring from public life, there are many duties to which she gives her unflagging interest.

by MOLLIE McGEE

THE KING'S MOTHER

These photographs illustrate the type of public appearances Queen Mary makes, following the pattern of a lifetime.

From top to bottom, the pictures show the Queen opening a new hospital, a home for working women, presenting the trophy to a winning team from India and visiting a bazaar for disabled veterans.

IN A world dominated by bombastic and bewildered public figures, one woman stands in dignity impervious to waves of hysteria or depression. Queen Mary of England was seventy-two on May 26, but she is already enshrined in the hearts of her people beyond the reach of years, and among the great legendary figures of history.

Her strength has been in her unswerving devotion to ideals, or to what an older and less self-analyzing generation tersely termed "duty."

Stately, gracious and innately sensible, she follows the rule of life she decided on, nearly fifty years ago when—the shy daughter of a popular mother—she faced the chatter and criticism of a gossiping court and married the heir to the throne after being engaged to his elder brother who had died.

She has never allowed her private griefs or anxieties to influence her public behavior. Persistently, steadily, she has gone on her way. The gaieties and scandals of Edward VII's reign left her untouched; the wearying years of the War found her a working leader of women's activities; during the days of the abdication crisis she went out as usual.

The furtive dabbing of a tiny handkerchief to her eyes during the solemn ceremony of the Coronation was the only sign astute newspapermen were able to discern of her emotion at the crowning of her second son king.

She wears her public manner as she does her almost uniform costumes. These have followed much the lines the designers thought out at her request years ago, for various formal occasions.

Behind scenes, there is sometimes a different story, and it is for the glimpses they catch of the sympathetic woman with a ready sense of humor that the British give her their love as well as their respect.

SHE GREW up, the only girl with three brothers, in Kensington Palace, a draughty old-fashioned house set at the far end of Hyde Park. Her parents were far from wealthy, and because of heating difficulties only the downstairs was used as living quarters. For the summer they were lent White Lodge at Richmond.

Her mother—round-faced and very portly Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck—was adored by the working classes and famed for her generosity. The "Jolly Duchess" would walk over the fields with a joint of beef in a basket to a slum home. The fact that the joint might be too large for a poor woman's oven and there might be a lack of fuel for the roasting, did not enter her head, but the shy fair daughter who went with her took all these details in, and has never forgotten them.

Princess May of Teck—now Queen Mary—belonging by birth to a court circle where such luxuries as carriages and coachmen, ermine cloaks and Paris gowns were taken as a matter of course, knew how to count pennies.

Sensitive and artistic, she has always known and loved beautiful things, but has often had to do without them. She is said to have admired a quite inexpensive brocade worn by a friend at one of Queen Victoria's balls, but to have remarked ruefully on hearing the price "I couldn't afford it."

Married to one of the least popular of the Royal Family—Prince George was thought a weakling—she watched the pageant of the beauties of King Edward's court from the background and knew its inner tragedy. She became companion to gentle Danish Queen Alexandra and understood why the king had the palace clocks advanced half an hour to take care of his consort's unpunctuality. Princess May took on much of the strain of public appearance as the lovely queen became deaf. In the hope of keeping the public ignorant of her defect, Queen Alexandra kept up a constant conversation at the theatre or when driving, though she could not hear the replies of her companions. Afraid of becoming overweight and losing her figure, she walked up and down in her rooms for hours, and her attendants were obliged to do likewise.

In the seclusion of York Cottage, Windsor, Princess May worked out with her husband a design for living that brought them great happiness and eventually won the regard and respect of their people.

He was lost without her. "Where are you, May?" he would call the moment he came in the house. She was always at his side during the first wearisome public engagements he found so tiresome after his naval career.

They were, from the first, punctilious about engagements, never late. They went everywhere and met everyone. The systematic tours of new housing schemes, factories, distressed areas, modern hospitals, were a new departure made by "The Prince and Princess of Wales," who were the first royalties who by their own efforts found a way of substantially aiding industry.

During their world tour of 1901 their popularity grew. The people ☆ *Continued on page 20*

You can still look glamorous without trying to be kittenish, when you see thirty coming round the bend. Here, for instance, is a graceful dinner gown, of black crepe with pale green and white blouse. Softness of line, richness of fabric, make it lovely for the debutante who has grown up.

The older woman can still indulge her feeling for color and gaiety without looking ridiculous. For instance, a matron of ample lines can wear the brightest plaid she likes . . . as this one does . . . and keep her dignity and an illusion of slenderness. By using it discriminately as a trimming.

Be Your Age

Time marches on . . and the wise woman keeps her clothes in step with the years

by CAROLYN DAMON

THERE are three kinds of women.

The old ones who want to look young and the young ones who want to look sophisticated.

And then, of course, there's you.

You and the rest of your smart but sane ilk who admit to yourselves that you have reached a certain age, and therefore are willing to make certain style changes in order to be at your best. And that applies from ten on.

Please note I don't for a moment say look your age. That's quite a different thing, and much more likely to happen when you're trying to be years older or younger than the sands measure. Just take a glance around at your next party. Did you ever see anything so ridiculous as the middle-aged matron oozing unhappily out of a high-waisted, bouffant frock with puffed sleeves emphasizing her thickening arms? Or so silly as the petal-faced debutante trying to look wicked in a slinky black satin with a halter neck hanging foolishly from her thin young shoulders?

By dressing properly, to meet your expanding or contracting proportions, your changing contours and coloring, you make your clothes pay respect to your best possible self instead of to some distant and untenable ideal. You draw attention to your personality, so that your age becomes a matter of secondary importance. And, if you are older, you often end in that happy state of being referred to as one of those ageless women who hasn't changed since she was thirty. Indicating, of course, that your clothes have changed so cleverly and steadily with your physical age that your personality remains clear and vibrant.

I don't suppose any woman looks ridiculous by choice. Unless she's young enough and amusing enough to "get away with murder." And that's the heading some of the hats and shoes come under. Baby bonnets simply don't look well on moon faces, after three. Doll hats have a tendency to be pretty incongruous with elongated features, after ten. Exaggerated, open-toed sandals do something strangely unlovely to widened, middle-aged feet. On the other hand spike heels look pretty silly at fourteen.

Let's look at some of the common clothes foibles of our sex at various ages, and see how they can be avoided. Beware of the unscrupulous clerk who keeps on telling you a dress is so "young looking," whatever its other faults. Or of the woman who points out, if you're young, that while something isn't actually pretty on you, it gives you an air! Her Majesty proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that pretty clothes are the kind men like, anyway. If that interests you at all. And she also demonstrated ideally the fact that softened lines and colors, furs, feathers, and gentle tuckings and fullnesses are first aid to glowing loveliness as a woman passes into maturity.

You may be older or younger looking than the rest of your age group, but the following warnings will serve pretty generally as stop lights to the majority of us. Because, with the best intentions in the world, it's often difficult to draw one's self up and admit that while flowers were all right in the hair last season, this year a greying lock will take more kindly to an ornament. Or it's difficult to know just where the line is to be drawn on very short hems, high little jackets and silly-billy hats.

UP TO SIXTEEN

Wear simple, easily launderable lingerie (cotton or linen perhaps) a simple girdle or garter band, the right kind of brassiere as you need it, cotton stockings to at least twelve, then service weight silk, ankle socks in summer (in winter too, over your stockings, if you like), shoes with heels no higher than cuban, dresses and skirts and sweaters in nice clear colors with more plains than patterns, as high waists as you like, very short skirts, things that are comfortable, that will wear well and that have lots of pockets! Get clothes that won't crease or soil easily in classroom wear, jackets that are warm as well as decorative for watching games outdoors, berets or soft hats that you can yank off and on as the spirit moves you, ribbons and clips on your curls or braids, and things you won't get tired of day after day.

Look young and fresh and simple—never mind make-up but wash often, put a simple cream on your face at night, keep your eyes clear with boracic acid rinses, keep your hair well brushed and shining but simply done, your nails well ☆ *Continued on page 39*

It pleases the whole family

. . . this thrifty 2-lb. loaf of delicious Kraft Cheese

New Transparent Wrapper!
Sealtest-approved! It lets you see the cheese right through it; it's neater, easier to open.

How to get the Cheese Cutter
Look for the coupon inside the box which carries this 2-pound Kraft loaf; it offers this handy cheese cutter for only 10c!

IT'S THE CHEESE that *always* has the same full, rich flavor . . . *always* melts smooth and toasts to perfection! *That's* because it's made by the famous Kraft Method of Master Blending!

Mellow-sharp cheeses that have aged for months are combined with milder ones by Kraft's Master Blenders . . . to get *just* the rich flavor most people like best. It takes skill . . . scientific knowledge . . . patience to achieve that dependable flavor and cooking quality for which *Kraft* Canadian is famous!

And then this Kraft Blended Cheese is *pasteurized* for your protection . . . *sealed* air-tight in the convenient transparent wrapper.

Discover how grand it is to have a family-size loaf of Kraft Canadian *ready* in the refrigerator . . . for hot dishes, for snacks. The whole family will hail this new way of buying Kraft Cheese!

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

When you buy sandwich-size *slices* from the 5-pound loaf, look for the Kraft name on the transparent Sealtest-approved wrapper . . . it's your protection against substitution!

When HAY FEVER Strikes-

adopt the

KLEENEX HABIT!

Insist on Genuine Kleenex

MADE OF CELLUCOTTON

Millions of Hay Fever victims now enjoy *new* comfort! They use Kleenex for handkerchiefs. Genuine Kleenex is made from Cellucotton—a patented product softer and more absorbent than finest surgical cotton. Because it's so much softer, more absorbent, and is used but once, Kleenex prevents the raw, red nose so often caused by using damp, rough handkerchiefs.

KLEENEX

DISPOSABLE TISSUES

reach Queen Mary over the tall wall of Marlborough House, where she sits sewing in the drawing-room. She does not take part in such occasions.

Her days do not lack occupation or interest—this is how they go, seventy-second birthday or not:

She is up and about, no matter what engagement the night before, at eight a.m.

9 a.m.—Breakfast. An everyday meal of fish, bacon and eggs, or bacon and kidneys.

9.25—Queen Mary will have glanced through the papers, discussed the news with one of her ladies-in-waiting and be ready to attend to her correspondence.

10 a.m.—Ready for any tours of exhibitions or hospitals.

1 p.m.—She may have one or two friends, such as the Duchess of Devonshire or Countess of Airlie, to lunch at Marlborough House. She receives the menu shortly before one o'clock and ticks off what she wants. There are usually entrées, stews, hot-pots, or joints—nothing elaborate.

2 p.m.—You might think she would take an afternoon nap—not Queen Mary, her afternoon is full of engagements.

5.30—After tea she does have a break and retires to her own sitting room, rests on a chaise longue with her feet up, and reads, sews or knits.

She tries to spend an hour every day this way while her maids—there are three—prepare her gowns for the evening. She has a rather interesting way of choosing the colors of her evening gowns—sometimes from flowers. Once she sent a half-open hydrangea bud to Reville's to be matched. Again she will use harmonizing tones with semiprecious stones.

Queen Mary's evening may be spent entertaining friends or being entertained by them. She may go to a public function or to the theatre. She does not very often get the opportunity of staying at home and writing to her hundreds of friends. These letters—stamped with her blue seal—arrive by registered post.

11 p.m.—Queen Mary may be ready to retire, but she is more often up after midnight.

A short time ago the newspapers published the news that Queen Mary did not care for ivy. She is much more like her favorite carnation—or the flowers Humbert Wolfe placed in a poetical bouquet for her at the time of the Jubilee.

"These in their duty of fragrance neither vary, nor ask return. Take them by right, Queen Mary." ☆

SOUVENIR OF ROYAL VISIT

☆

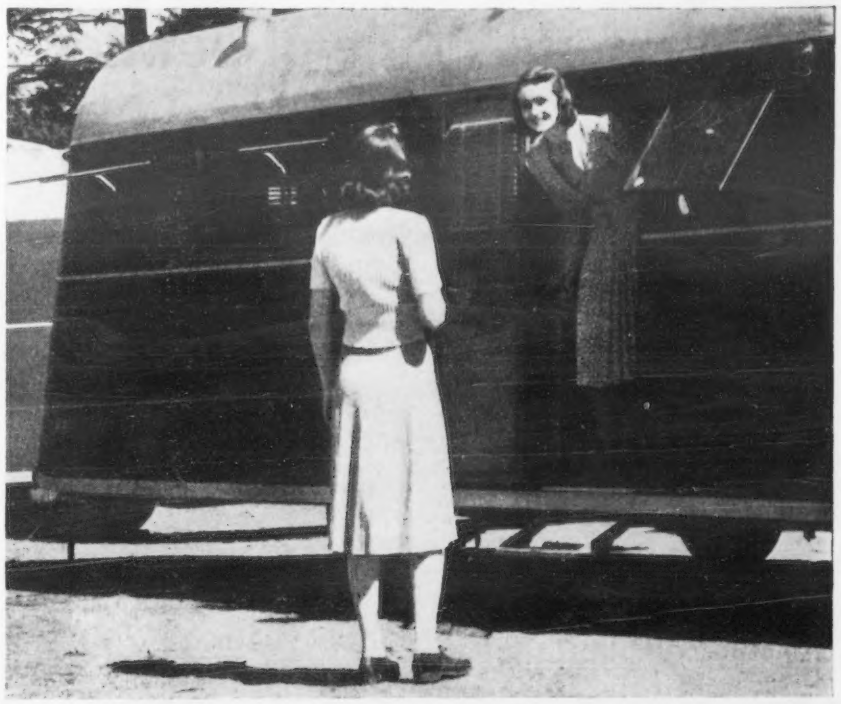
Five thousand copies of the special Royal Visit rotogravure section which appeared in the May Chatelaine are available to readers and if you feel you would like one as a souvenir, please write in to us, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

☆

Address requests to:

Chatelaine Magazine,
Editorial Department,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

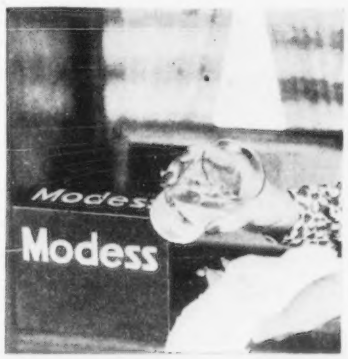
My "fair" friend told me . . .



"Say—isn't this a gorgeous day for sight-seeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you I can't tramp round any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too — and so many things yet to see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

"So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.

My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins—*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type* and much softer."



"And Modess is safer, too . . ." she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! And not one drop went through!

Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. We walked miles that day . . . and how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess! Next day, I went to the store to buy her a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised! This soft, "fluff-type" napkin costs no more than those layer-type pads I'd been buying!

Modess *Softer! Safer!*

Anyone who suffers from severe or recurrent headaches should not be content to relieve the pain with a temporary remedy. Such headaches may be a danger signal that indicates trouble elsewhere in the body.

Eyestrain ranks high among the causes of headaches, particularly if you are in the habit of doing close work, reading under inadequate artificial light, or taking part in other activities that place an unusual strain on the eyes. Even slight defects of vision may cause severe headaches. Such conditions call for the advice of an eye specialist. They may be corrected by suitable glasses, properly fitted.

Local conditions, such as sinusitis, infected tonsils or teeth, or obstructed nasal breathing, sometimes account for habitual or persistent headaches. But often the actual source of the trouble turns out to be far removed from the head. Toxic headaches may be caused by poisons produced in the body as a result of infection or the failure of internal organs to function properly.

When the cause of chronic headaches is not readily discovered, a more careful search should be made by your physician. He may find that an organ has been damaged by a minor but neglected infection and, as a result, the blood pressure may be rising. Or occasionally, through X-ray or other procedures, the physician may discover an even more serious condition in time to restore the patient's health.

Of course, it is not necessary to consult a doctor for every headache. Many people suffer occasional headaches from such ordinary causes as a delayed meal, a stuffy room, too much smoking or "nervous fatigue." These are usually corrected by simple remedies such as a lukewarm bath, an ice pack on the head or back of the neck, and with rest and quiet.

But when headaches are frequent or severe or unusual in character, it would be wise to see your physician.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's Exhibits at
THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *and* THE GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board

LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

The King's Mother

Continued from page 16

found them gracious and natural. One story from Australia is of the wife of a Governor who had been his cook. Matrons of the town took her in hand several days before the Royal visit, anxious with Victorian delicacy to avoid social pitfalls. She was warned not to discuss the two tragic deaths in the Royal Family—one of them Princess May's former fiancé. At the function the Princess seemed most interested in her conversation, though the Governor's lady remarked afterward, "We talked about our dear dead and she didn't seem to mind at all."

After King George and Queen Mary came to the throne they completely reorganized the behind-scenes offices of Buckingham Palace.

King George drew up a budget—his grandmother had been miserly, his father extravagant—he arranged that the Royal expenditures were run as meticulously as a business.

Queen Mary supervised the thorough cleaning and renovation of the Royal residences. Neglected during the later years of Queen Victoria's long life—the servants are said to have only swept and dusted where they knew she could see—and partly closed during Edward VII's reign—he preferred holidays on the Continent—they were in a sad condition.

Under Queen Mary's direction mildewed tapestries and damasks were brought out of cupboards, motheaten carpets repaired. State treasures of china and glass, scattered here and there, were brought together and a system as careful as a bank inaugurated for their protection.

She is essentially a practical housewife. During a recent visit to a hospital she went through the kitchens and watched a maid washing dishes. "Does your back get tired?" she asked. The girl admitted it did. "That sink should be raised six inches," Queen Mary said immediately, pointing out the distance with her umbrella. As she went out the front door she mentioned the kitchen sink to the hospital superintendent. It has been lifted.

The ridicule once poured upon her umbrella, flat toque, long skirts and wooden heels has completely disappeared. Queen Mary is now quite above fashion. Her influence over the cotton market and the lace industry resulted in the employment of thousands.

It was Queen Mary's cotton dresses that kept cotton in the public eye when Lancashire mills were finding Japanese competition unbeatable in India—one of their largest sales areas. It was her steady selection of lace for evening gowns that kept them before the public, and Nottingham looms busy.

Her disapproval works in the same way. For years she has campaigned against the use of small birds and ospreys on hats. One offending hat appeared in a display at a recent British Industries Fair but was discovered by a director just before the Queen's tour. He flew into a towering rage and hid it under a table. "If Queen Mary saw that," he roared, "she wouldn't be able to notice us at all next year."

A tour of such a fair is tiring even to energetic young people; how Queen Mary manages to tour three days in succession is a marvel to those who take it in turns to accompany her.

Her umbrella, no doubt a comfort to her during the closing paragraphs of the mayor's speech, is rather dreaded by the officials who take her round. It acts as a pointer, and the Queen is not satisfied with routine answers to her questions.

She loves the theatre, but even hardened first-nighters were amazed when a month or so ago she took in seventeen plays in less than four weeks.

HER MOST cherished interest is collecting. She is a connoisseur of antiques and her large limousine is often seen outside small shops off main thoroughfares where she has gone to look over a likely collection. Miniature articles have a fascination for her. She has a collection of rare fans and Chinese lacquer.

She walks miles when she visits friends in the country, but is more interested in needlework than any other occupation. She does petit-point and insists that her dressmakers make use of as much hand embroidery and handwork on her evening gowns as possible, with the idea of encouraging the art. The Royal School of Needlework has flourished under her patronage—sewing is smart in court circles.

Queen Mary realizes exactly what Royal Patronage means to a shop and takes great care how hers is given. She buys only from establishments that have light workrooms for their employees, suitable time off and good hours. These conditions are ascertained before she makes a shopping visit. There is one multimillionaire in London who is said to be willing to pay a great deal to the person who brings Queen Mary into his shop. She has never gone, though it is one of the largest in the city. At Jubilee time he spent a fortune on decorations and the Queen made a special trip to see them, but they were placed so that they obscured all view from the front, and none of his employees were given seats to see the procession from his windows. Queen Mary did not go inside.

Three or four times a year she sends flowers to the girls in her dressmakers' workrooms, and she usually drives completely round the square when she visits the establishment, so they can get a good view.

She is quite at home with working people, who find "she has no nonsense about her." When the new Labor Government came into office in 1924, there was consternation as to how the Labor Cabinet Ministers' wives would behave. Queen Mary asked them to Buckingham Palace to tea, and that was that.

A mainstay of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth during the nerve-racking first days of their reign, Queen Mary is now deliberately retiring into the background. She has set herself another task. Every few days she is to be seen with Princess Elizabeth at an exhibition, or a gallery, or even shopping. A young queen is growing up under an old queen's care. The cheers that greet Royal processions now

BEAUTY CULTURE

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY

BEAUTY AS YOU MAKE IT

by

ANNABELLE LEE

THE NEXT time you look at the photograph of a beautiful actress, who, although crowding fifty, looks a vibrant thirty, pay particular attention to her skin. Her unlined complexion is simply the result of her point of view. She believed that it was important to take time every day for a little intelligent care of her skin—and achieved remarkable results. Most women, however much they want to retain the smooth glowing skin of youth, are too lazy, or haphazard in the budgetting of their time, to follow the simple routine. An attractive skin is the heritage of any woman who works for it. Too-deep wrinkles, crow's-feet lines, crepey throats, blackheads, sallowness, oily or over-dry skin, can all be dealt with effectively—if you want to.

If you really care about your appearance, make a date with yourself in front of your mirror. Fit half an hour or so into each day. You'll do your work more blithely, you'll be a happier wife and mother if you take the time and the interest to look your prettiest!

Beauty care isn't expensive. A few good preparations from reliable firms, used with intelligence will delight you. Only don't forget the ounce of common sense to be mixed with every one.

If you can, have a salon beauty treatment and note the routine carefully. It's not necessary—but it is a luxurious pleasure which will repay you many dividends. Once a week at least, give yourself a salon treatment at home. Follow a very simple routine with cleansing, stimulating and nourishing every day.

MANY WOMEN have found the period after lunch the best in the day for their beauty hour. Go to your room with a sense of complete relaxation. Force yourself to forget the details of the day. This is your hour. Wash the make-up and dust from your face with your favorite soap, or with your cleansing cream. Don't use too much. The skin can only absorb a certain amount. Lean your elbows on the dressing table and with the balls of your fingers press the cream into the pores, moving steadily upward in circles from the base of your throat. Be very careful in the regions about your eyes. Try and bring into your finger tips some of the gentle skill of the professionals. You can be firmer with the deep wrinkles that come in your forehead and between your eyes. It's a good plan when ☆ *Continued on page 29*

1. Before you start your home beauty treatment, roll a band of gauze around your head . . . 2. Fasten it tightly with a safety pin, allowing no hair to escape . . . 3. Put a towel over your pillow as you relax with the nourishing cream pressed gently into your skin . . . 4. Pads of gauze soaked with a tonic are laid gently on the eyes for fifteen minutes . . . 5. Remove with paper tissue, using upward movements.

Lady Esther says—

"The wrong shade of powder can turn the right man away!"

Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—that is *Lucky For You!*

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble—when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you *look years older.* Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—*that makes you most alluring*—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Your Lucky Shade. Right at this moment you may innocently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck—one that is just *made for you.*

So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you.* Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade.* Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

You can win—with your lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) 2-30

LADY ESTHER,
Toronto, 12, Ontario.

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Prov._____

Journey Home

Continued from page 11

time to prepare for a trip to Alaska."

Alice clasped one hand with the other. Don't say she'd married someone else! I can't stand it.

"I was to call from Chicago at eight in the evening. You know how it is—you organize your thoughts, then you forget the thoughts. My heart thumped and I was shivering. The family used to pretend to eavesdrop. I'd hear them laugh, then a door would slam. It was a joke among us. Poor little Agnes. I knew she'd be rattled. I got the house instantly—too quickly. It was Charlotte talking, not Agnes. She said, 'Oh, Jim!' and I knew what had happened."

"What had happened?"

"She was dead. Struck by a car."

"Ah!" breathed Alice.

"You sound as though you are accustomed to soothing the afflicted."

"I am. I'm a nurse."

"I came from Chicago and caught this train," said Wilson. "I sat just here in the car. It was four years ago. I couldn't even see Agnes, but I could be with her family. Then I went back to Alaska. Now I'm going to see Charlotte. I could have gone down the west coast. Charlotte's an expert teacher; she's very busy, but she's never forgotten me. Her people are gone. Her letters have kept me alive in a way."

Rising, Alice stood as if unable to move.

"You've done me good," said Wilson. "The last hard spot in my heart is melted. Perhaps there's no great sin but bitterness."

ALICE SWAYED a little, then she sat down. Her face flamed, speech came in a flood. "I've never talked about things—perhaps it would have helped. I was born in Edgewood where I live now. I own my great-great-grandfather's house there, a white frame house, part one story, part two, a sprawling house with a sloping roof. I trained at the University Hospital and then I was Dr. Lamb's nurse, the famous Dr. Lamb. When I was thirty-three I married."

"A patient?"

Alice laughed. "My patients were babies."

"What was he like? Tall? Handsome?"

Alice's cheeks flushed a brighter red. The corners of her mouth turned upward. "Both. And good. And clever. He still is."

"What is his business?"

"He was a teacher of English in a boys' school." He wondered whether we're separated! "We have a child ten years old, like his father in mind. He was like his father in body, but he's paralyzed. He'll never walk." As if brimming from a full cup, tears dropped into Alice's woollen blouse and were lost. She felt young Wilson lay his hand on hers.

"Don't cry! It doesn't help."

"You've made me cry. Edward's far ahead of his years, mentally. His father's taught him; he's a genius with boys. But for five years he's had no work."

Again the train ceased to move.

'The boys' school went to nothing,

☆ *Continued on page 30*

ED—WITH ANOTHER GIRL AND HE USED TO BE MINE!

Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

EVEN a *pretty* girl can spoil her chances for romance if she's careless about underarm odor . . . if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet . . . neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration . . . Mum prevents odor to *come.* That's why more women use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds—and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. When freshness is so important in winning romance, why take chances? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU SAFE

For Sanitary Napkins

Thousands of women choose Mum for sanitary napkins because they know Mum is gentle and safe. Always use Mum this way, too!

MADE IN CANADA

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

Wardrobe Budgetting

Budget your children's wardrobe before the bell rings, and you'll solve one of your biggest family problems in the happiest way

by CAROLYN DAMON

FROM THE children's point of view, their clothes mustn't be too tight (if they're for boys) or too loose (if they're for girls). They must be comfortable and easy to wear—up to the accepted style standards, but not too new. And they must definitely conform with what "people" are wearing. Just who "people" are, no mother has yet been able to say; but woe betide your child if he or she is conspicuously dressed in that great republic, the classroom.

From your point of view, the children's clothes must be washable or easily cleanable, wearable and simple enough to keep in good condition against the fearful odds of the football field and the back-lot baseball diamond. And there must be enough of them to keep you from those tiring, near-to-midnight mending and cleaning bees that will be suffered if you haven't enough things to last from wash day to wash day—or mending to mending.

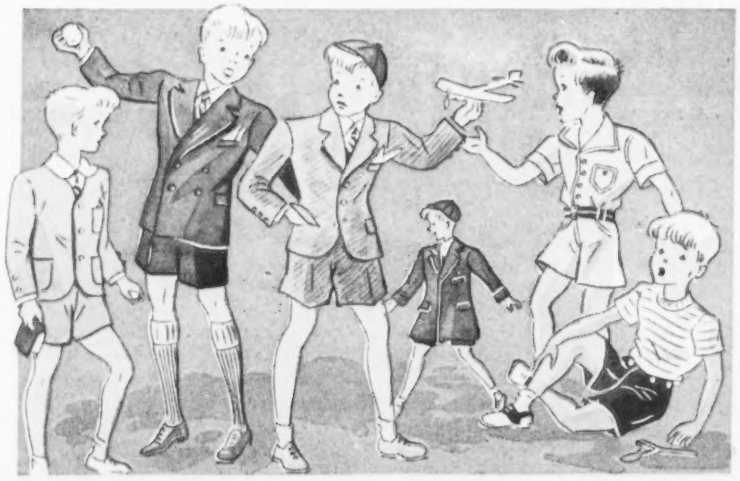
So here's a suggested outline of what you'll need for your children, from pre-school to college ages. Look it over now and plan carefully to save yourself work and worry later on.

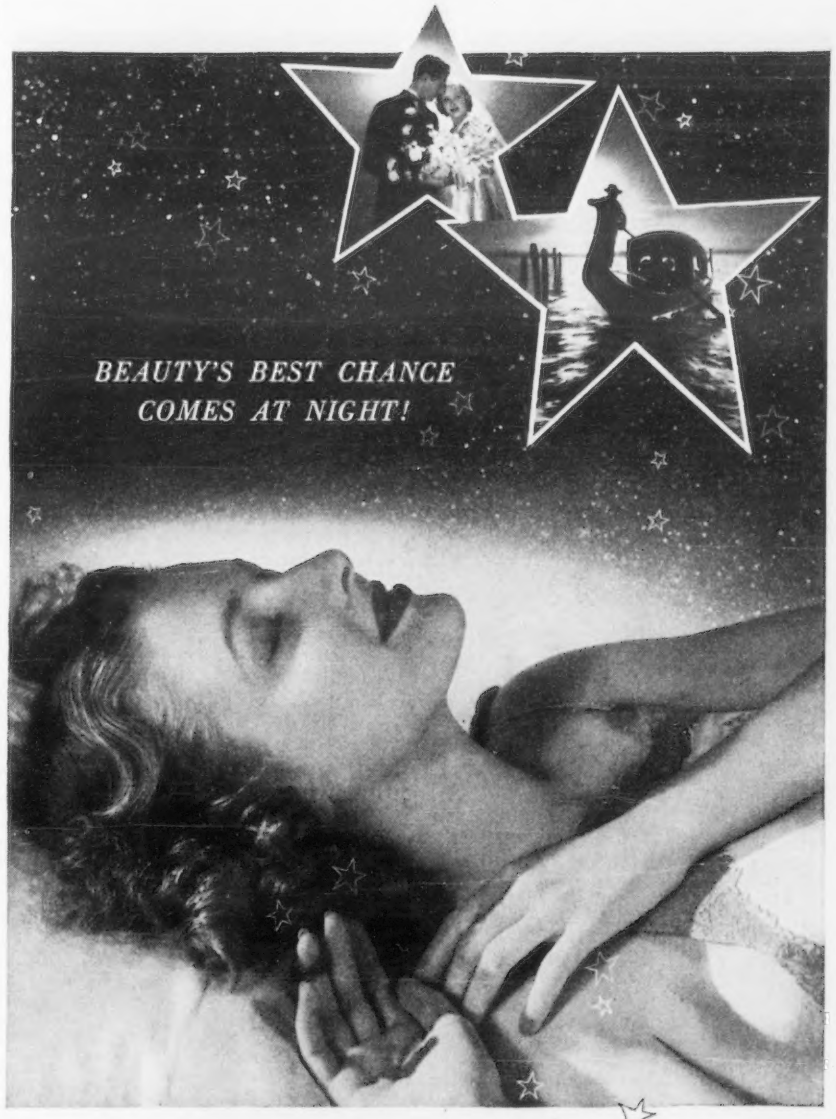
Don't be too smug, by the way, about counting on last winter's things when a few months can play such amazing tricks with the height and weight of the rising generation. And if it's humanly possible, don't make them wear things that are beginning to strain at the seams, or make lengthening legs too utterly obvious by emphasis.

High School Lads

IF YOUR boy is at the collegiate age, you'll be wise to think in new style grooves for him. For in the broader life he begins to get his first real sense of style. His choice may run a little to the loud side, but let him have his fill of bright ties in school colors, and socks that shout themselves hoarse. Especially since, the stylists tell us, the young man is going to be gayer than ever this year. His clothes, to be exact, will have a heavy amount of "jive." So if yours is the deciding voice, don't be too stodgily parental about it. A new green or heather brown suit will cost something like sixteen fifty. If he's extra large or a

☆ *Continued on next page*





Store up Allure while you Sleep!

Leave on a film of this cream at night to help skin stay active; help overcome unlovely dryness

BEAUTY'S best chance comes at night. As you sleep your skin has time to repair the ravages of the day, throw off wastes, combat unflattering dryness. But it can seldom do this without help.

A delightful beauty cream used at night ...a thin film left on while you sleep... will help your skin regain its vigor and smooth texture. Woodbury Cold Cream contains a Vitamin of great importance to the skin, invigorating it, bestirring its activity.

In so many ways Woodbury is helpful. A marvelous cleanser, its fine pure oils help dry, arid skin regain its smoothness. And Woodbury's germ-free purity, which helps guard sensitive skin, is exclusive with this luxurious beauty cream.

Let this popular cream bring its invigorating and softening influence to your complexion tonight, helping it to store up glamour as you sleep. At all beauty counters, for only 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.

WOODBURY

(MADE IN CANADA)

MAIL FOR NEW 4-PIECE MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 767, Perth, Ontario

Please send me *new* Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE (*For golden skin*) ☐ BLUSH ROSE (*For pink skin*) ☐

*Name*_____

Address

"SOFT HANDS inspire LOVE," says ANDREA LEEDS*
(SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR)

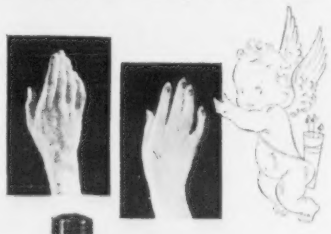
*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

YOU CAN HAVE "Hollywood Hands" — thrillingly soft, smooth as satin! Just don't let sun, wind and water dry out your hand skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin—use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps wonderfully to prevent unattractive roughness.

No stickiness! Such a simple, quick way to have romantic hands. Get Jergens Lotion today and start to use it, like thousands of lovely girls. Best smoothed on after every handwashing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢,—$1.00 for the extra economy size, at beauty counters.



CUPID'S ADVICE:

Help prevent unattractive roughness—furnish beautifying moisture for your hand skin with Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION

NEW! *For Smooth Complexion*—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against drab, dry skin. 25c, 15c, at beauty counters.

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. *Mail this coupon today to:*

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 866 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Prov.* _____

MADE IN CANADA

With Hearts and Flowers

INGENUE

You've just got to be romantic and ingénue about your wedding this year. None of those suave, sophisticated brides are being seen about. Especially if you go from school to church. This youthful gown is in dreamy white tulle with basque waistline, ruffled bodice and flower-capped veil. The bridal bouquet is an old-fashioned one.

INFORMAL

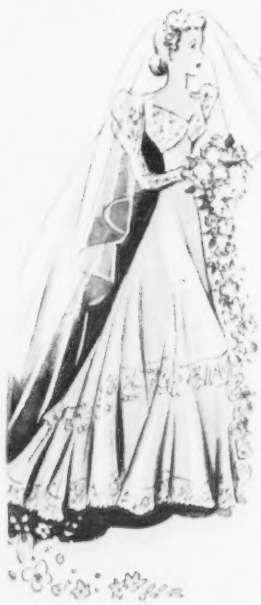
If you're taking the big step without fuss and feathers, the fine wool, navy coat-frock (left) would be smart with beige hat and fur, topaz accessories. Right, the tall, slender bride is lovely in sleek satin with lace bodice and snood instead of veil.

BOUFFANT

How else to describe the lovely lady with her white marquisette, puff-sleeved and full-skirted gown? White roses festoon her veil. The bridesmaid is in dotted organdie, with twin cornflower bouquets at head and in hand. For a garden wedding.

SECOND WEDDING

Below, right, is a simple, yet lovely, frock for the girl who has been a bride before. Try it in that heavenly pastel blue the Queen wears to such effect, with matching hat done in pale rose blossoms, repeated in the bouquet. Who says you can't recapture glamour?



Left, dawn pink, in lace and chiffon, for the bride who can't wear white.

In the Social Whirl — IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

-Both keen on the NEW skin care these "SKIN-VITAMIN" creams* bring!

Charming Hostess — Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, well-known in Toronto's younger set, is very active in government society.

QUESTION:
Mrs. Armstrong, where do you find time — busy as you are — to keep your skin so soft and fresh?

ANSWER:
"Why, my skin-care is really simple — and quick! First I give my skin a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. And then I spread on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream — a single application smooths little roughnesses right away. And now I'm so glad Pond's have put Vitamin A into their creams!"

QUESTION:
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION:
Why are you glad to have this vitamin in your face creams?

ANSWER:
"Because it's known to be the 'skin-vitamin.' Without enough of it skin gets rough and dry. Now that Pond's contains this important 'skin-vitamin' it gives my skin extra care."

QUESTION:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! *One* application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION:
Does using two creams help you keep your make-up becoming — fresh longer?

ANSWER:
"Yes, it really does. My make-up is more flattering when I get my skin clean and soft with Pond's Cold Cream and then give it a smooth finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream. And my powder clings all evening!"

QUESTION:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly — holds powder longer."

**Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.*

Landed Gov't Job — Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip — Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

Lake Muskoka — Favourite haunt of smart Canadian sport enthusiasts. Mrs. Armstrong is amused by a friend's "fish story."

After the Movies — Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

Leaving a Diplomatic Ball — After hours in the receiving line, Mrs. Armstrong still looks fresh and vivacious.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. CCC, 9-92 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Rush special tubes of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker melting cleansing cream) and seven different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Province* _____

Wardrobe Budgetting

Continued from page 25

little difficult to fit, call it an even twenty. His topcoat will be good in navy or putty in officer's trench coat style, resistant to raw fall winds and showers, at something like seven dollars. His hat (if he wears one) may be tailored to match his suit at a dollar, or a "young" fedora at three or four.

Bright shirts in checks or stripes (white are sissy except for Sunday) in color-fast broadcloth will be about a dollar. Get underwear in combination or two-piece suit as brief as possible (the boys will kid him at gym if it's not) and a smart woolly sweater or two to round out the wardrobe (plain sleeveless to good-looking British woollen from one to five dollars) and shoes from three dollars and fifty cents up.

Here's an average wardrobe—fill the gaps in your son's clothing to come up to it.

Suit, sixteen fifty; topcoat, six ninety-five; hat, one dollar; four shirts (including one white) four dollars; three ties, one fifty; three pairs socks, one seventy-five; three suits underwear, two twenty-five; long sleeved sweater, three ninety-five; sleeveless sweater, one dollar; shoes, three fifty. Total—Forty-two dollars and forty cents.

Public School Boys

A STURDY tweed suit with breeches and shorts in brown or navy will see your boy through the winter nicely—at about ten dollars. A trim cap to match, two or three shirts and a V-necked or convertible sweater will serve the boy from six to twelve years old. Get golf hose with elastic tops or hose in wool mixtures and match them to the suit. Belts, braces, garters and ties, neat combinations in no-button style, and pyjamas that will stand the wear and tear of pillow fights and rough and tumble, will pretty well complete his outfit. In buying shoes, did you know that many shops carry special larger sizes in their boys' departments at an extra charge of fifty cents or so, and will produce them if asked? This is worth knowing if you find you have to trip off to the more expensive men's department for that oldest boy of yours.

Here are your boy's requirements.

Suit, ten dollars; cap, one dollar; four shirtwaists, two seventy-five; two pullovers, three ninety-five; three pairs of socks, two ninety-five; belt, fifty cents; three ties, one fifty; three suits underwear, two twenty-five; slicker, four ninety-five; Sou'wester to match, one twenty-five; shoes, three fifty. Total—Thirty-four dollars and sixty cents.

Teen-age Girls

LET YOUR teen-age daughter have as much choice as possible in her clothes. If there's a school uniform, a tunic will cost from three to five dollars, blouses a dollar to a dollar fifty. Middies are from one to two dollars; cotton dresses, of which three would be wise, are from a dollar seventy-five to four dollars. Skirts cost two to four dollars, sweaters almost anything (if your daughter knits), to four dollars (if she doesn't). A skirt and two or three sweaters will almost see her through the winter. Light weight woollen dresses will be from three dollars up, and a silk dress for Sundays or parties the same. A party dress proper will cost around ten dollars if you buy it ready-made, as will also a winter coat. A raincoat will be from three to seven dollars, a hat a dollar fifty up. A "gym" romper is around one fifty, a slip a dollar, panties from fifty cents up. A garter waist will cost fifty cents, girdles sell from a dollar up.

It's impossible to list the quantities and totals as closely as for boys, because girls' clothes vary so much more. But do remember that, unlike you, she spends day after day with exactly the same group of people, and as frequent a change of wardrobe as you can manage is pleasant for the rest of the class as well as for her—and helps to build confidence during a difficult age period.

At least three suits of underwear, a skirt and two sweaters and three or four dresses will be her minimum requirements.

Public School Girls

PRICES and requirements are much the same here, although the psychological need of variety is not so great. A beret will serve instead of a hat, and can be bought from fifty cents up. Shoes will be from two fifty up. Flannelette pyjamas cost from one fifty up, vests from forty cents to a dollar. A flannel housecoat at five dollars is usually considered much swankier than a dressing gown.

For the very young fry, here are some suggestions.

Boys, Four to Six Years

SHORTS AND blouses, one to two dollars; ties, thirty to fifty cents; pullover sweaters, one to three dollars; two-piece flannel or tweed suits, four to ten dollars; serge suits, seven to ten dollars; hose, twenty-five to seventy-five cents.

Girls, Four to Six Years

TUNICS, TWO and three dollars; blouses, one dollar; dresses, one fifty to four dollars (the latter with panties); pleated skirts (very brief) one to two dollars; pullovers, cardigans, one to two dollars; middies, one fifty; socks, twenty-five to fifty cents.

Since you dress your children pretty much to please you, at this age, you'll get as many things as you can manage. So it's difficult to give quantities. Three each of blouses, dresses and pullovers will be the minimum. Two skirts for a girl and a suit for a boy will serve if your budget is very limited or your family large.

☆☆

seeing. Berets, sailor shapes and pillboxes are all favored and felts start the season out with about ninety per cent of the styles being shown in this fabric.

Handbags

They are soft and utterly feminine—many of them frameless. Ruchings, rufflings and shirrings all come in to take their bows. Of course black and brown lead the color parade but we have dashing examples of what a bright red, or a vivid green, or a soft wine will do for a costume.

Gloves Go a Long Way

They're featuring ten to twenty button lengths for the new season. Because our coat and dress tops will be plainer, gloves have gone in for an extra wee bit of trimming, with embroidery in such odd ideas as fish, butterflies, birds and so on being shown—and contrasting ruffles, soft shirrings, nailheads and bows among those present! Colors again bend toward black (often with contrasting color touches), brown, wine, green and some greys as well as ensemble ideas in paler blues and rose.

1880, 1890 and Now 1939-40

I could write pages and pages about the new fall styles, but I think you have p-l-lenty to go on at the moment. But I do want you to know that we've again turned back the pages to the 1880's and 90's. Not that we are Victorian—far from it. But we have taken many touches from those glamorous days for our present styles. May I say, that while we're frankly 1940-ish in our general theme, we have adapted the bustle, hat trimmings, buttons, jewellery and such from our Grandma's day. A heavy gold necklace there—a touch of jet here—a fitted jacket some place else—there is nothing new under the sun, except the new fall fashions, and these gladly reminisce back to the joyful 80's and 90's for ideas.

MY NOTEBOOK is filled with lovely little ideas that I know you'll be glad to tuck away in your minds for later use:

Wool dresses, in black or brown, for early fall wearing, without coats. Brighter colors for under-coat wearing. (How about making a wool dress, fitted, for fall?)

Faille, dull crepes, small jacquard patterns among the fall fabrics. (And have you a favorite new pattern to try?)

Corduroys and velveteens well liked by college girls for those campus styles—grand to wear to that busy office, too!

Detachable fur capelets on coats.

Black dresses, with fitted short jackets in "hunting pink" for early fall.

Shaggy sports jackets, to don for the great outdoors.

Plaid scarves, headkerchiefs, handbags and gloves for the 'teen ages, or those who look that young.

Handbags, with hidden music boxes, that play a quaint or jazz tune when you open them up to get out your hanky.

Squared tips to gloves, many of them bi-colored.

Growing importance of black foundation garments, both girdles and brassieres.

The funnel of a ship? No, it's only one of the newer hat ideas.

Shorty fur jackets in every known and unknown fur, to wear over early fall frocks. Little jewellery gadgets for the younger element—Aladdin's lamp, Indian feathers and all, "date book" lapel affair (yes, you can actually put down a "date" in it), charm bracelets with American Indian motifs—oh, I could go on and on!

"Bulky" necklaces (because our bodices will be simple)—fringed, roped and large pendant motifs.

Back loops of ribbon or satin on hats, to give that snood effect.

Sheer wool sweaters atop fabric skirts for afternoon and with long skirts for evening wear.

White, with gold trimming, for early fall evenings. (Thanks to Queen Elizabeth, who continues to make fashion history for this country.)

Taffetas for "late in the day" affairs, and well on into the evening.

A FAMOUS actor was asked the other day what things he required of a smartly groomed woman—his answer was plain and to the point: "Clean face, clean hair, clean gloves and a wee bit of the right perfume." Not very much to ask, when a gal thinks it over. Are you o'kay? ☆

Beauty as You Make It

Continued from page 23

you are resting, to smooth these out and put a bit of adhesive tape there to train them away.

Remove the cleansing cream with some tissue, and then press in your nourishing cream. (If you have a dry skin leave on the nourishing cream overnight.) If you are taking a quick facial before a bridge party or afternoon tea, leave it on for the hour, while you rest in a darkened room. Place two pads of gauze dipped in eye tonic and lay them over your eyes while you relax completely. Feel yourself sinking into absolute inertia. If your mind starts probing the problems of the next day's dinner, or the remodelling of your old crepe dress—fight the instinct. This is your hour for beauty development!

When your time is up, remove the cream with gauze dipped in a mild astringent. This will tone the pores of your skin and help to make them finer. Use your favorite foundation cream or lotion. Apply a little rouge where you find it most becoming. Powder lightly and use your matching lipstick. A touch of eye make-up will make you feel particularly happy. Then up and at your housework; or away to your tea-party.

Virginia Woolf says that one of a woman's chief handicaps is that she so seldom has a room of her own. I believe, too, that the average mother so seldom has an hour of her own, to give to her beauty routine, that she finds herself looking unnecessarily faded and tired. Out of the fourteen hours most of us are about our daily business, surely you can spare one for yourself. ☆

Scintillate with SAPPHIRES...

but subdue Shiny Nose_

if you want him to pay tribute to your charm

WHAT regal radiance the flashing light of sapphires lends a gown! But be on your guard lest the brilliance of your jewels be dulled by a nose that shines in competition!

Wear Woodbury Facial Powder for its sheer, exquisite shine-subduing texture. Distinguished by its germ-free purity, Woodbury gives precious help against Shiny Nose. Women with complexions of enviable smoothness, express delight with Woodbury's long-clinging flattery.

See the eight lovely shades. *Blush Rose*, the newest, gives the complexion the fragile loveliness of buds in Spring. *Champagne* . . . which Mme. Suzy, French modiste, so proudly sponsors . . . lends a cameo-like perfection to skin of golden tints. Ask for Woodbury Facial Powder at any beauty counter today! $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢. For the smart new accent in make-up, wear the new Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick!

WOODBURY *Powder*

MAIL FOR NEW 4-PIECE MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 505, Perth, Ontario.

Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; also generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE (For golden skin) ☐ BLUSH ROSE (For pink skin) ☐

Name _____

Address _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

Debs Dazzle Men's Eyes after a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Says CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER, *Noted Society Commentator*

"The saying goes, 'All is fair in love'. So the debs take a 5 o'clock Beauty Cocktail with Woodbury to give them a head-and-heart start in the race to Love's altar."

Make men's glances linger! With a Woodbury Facial Cocktail, skin glows to life, feels heavenly soft

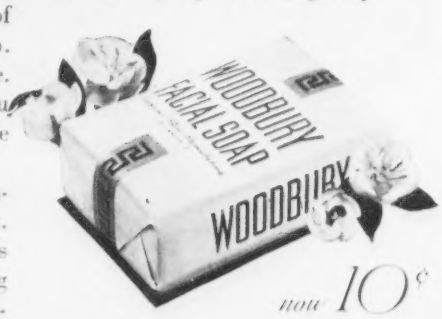
IT'S FOOLHARDY, say the debs, to wear a dull, tired face to a dance, if you want men to single you out for your charm. Brighten your complexion first, they advise, with a refreshing, skin-invigorating Woodbury Facial Cocktail.

Just whip up a rich, fluffy lather of fragrant Woodbury Facial Soap. Smooth it generously over your face. Leave it on a few minutes before you rinse. Your weary skin will soon emerge as soft as a rose in bud.

Today's smart debs are the third generation of lovely users of Woodbury.

Their elders before them used this famous beauty formula of soothing oils to cultivate exquisite complexions. Now a skin-invigorating Vitamin in Woodbury contributes still more to glamorous skin loveliness. This Vitamin, says an eminent skin scientist, works for the skin's radiant vitality.

Get several cakes of Woodbury Facial Soap today, sold everywhere. Tonight, before dinner, give your complexion this rousing Beauty Cocktail. Take a refreshing "facial" with Woodbury when you go to bed, too. It's Beauty's grandest nightcap.



CONTAINS SKIN-INVIGORATING VITAMIN*
*Produced by ultra-violet irradiation—Pat. No. 1676579

(MADE IN CANADA)

Kay Murphy's Fashion Shorts

SO FALL is here again. At least the fall clothes are, and here in New York I'm having a grand time running around seeing the sort of things we'll be wearing any day now. Thank goodness most of the manufacturers' showrooms are air-conditioned, so don't pity me on the hot days. I'm probably perched in a penthouse on Seventh Ave. or Broadway, as cool as a cucumber, while gorgeous models parade your styles in front of me. Oh, yes. Not all the penthouses are on Fifth and Park Avenues. Many of the showrooms are located on terraced roofs overlooking hustling, bustling "toity toid"—the heart of the fashion industry.

The New Fall Coats

"Fitted" is the foremost theme, with three silhouettes holding the spotlight: first, the fitted coat with all-round flared skirt; second, fitted with front fullness; third, fitted with back fullness in the skirt. Soft touches of shirring are an important trimming idea. Collars are small or practically non-existent. Sleeves go in for fullness below the elbow—to accommodate the new sleeve-line in dresses. Belts are shaped, to give that "corseted" slimness to the waist. Beaver as trimming is right out front, and brown Persian lamb. Fabrics stress the heavier and smoother weaves. Of course black is the leading color but I'm seeing heaps and heaps of brown, from deep shades right up into the taupe shades.

High-styled colors include bronze greens, greys, blues, with a violet cast, and some peony rose shades.

What About Dresses?

First of all, you'll love 'em all. Every one of the new styles is so womanly and soft that I defy any one of us—and that means you, too!—not to look her best in them. Of course the bustled back is getting a great play. But even in the larger sizes this back fullness does not give a "heavy" look. Rather does it seem to slim down the back and hips to a really girlish line. Then, as in the coats, we have the all-round fullness as well as front fullness. The skirts, of course, bear the brunt of fall novelty and run to panniers, tiers, peplums, box pleats, gores and seamings. The bodices are nearly all beautifully simple. There's none of the fussiness that characterized last year's dresses. Longer sleeves and full length ones hold the interest with, as I mentioned before, fullness centering below the elbow. Seeing many jacket and coat dresses with that fitted look prevailing. While the tops of dresses lean to plainness, there is a saving grace in jewelled button trimmings, necklace effects, and festooned seamings. To tell the truth, seaming and self strappings are about the most important trimming theme to be seen on nicer coats and dresses. Colors—well, again I have to say black. But it's rich and clothy in most cases—as in wools, duller crepes, failles. Shiny blacks, for the moment, simply do not exist. And so many browns, several greys, lovely, livelier blues, deep wines and, here and there in the showings, we are startled upright to applaud real reds, golden yellows and soft, luscious pinks.

Fall Hats

The new hats stress back fullness—small shapes predominating, many of them brimmed and practically all of them built down well over the head to give wearing comfort. Black alone, or with high-colored trimming accent, brown, green, blue and red are the leading colors, streamers, ostrich tippets, smaller flowers, wool veils are some of the tricky ideas you'll be

". . . and this natural cork-tip does not stick to my lips!"

WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT

20 FOR 25¢ 50 FOR 60¢

CRAVEN PLAIN
—without cork tip—
same fine quality as Craven "A".

Carreras Ltd., London, England
150 Years' Reputation for Quality

Quickly Tint GRAY HAIR and Look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today

HELPS RELIEVE BLACKHEADS

PIMPLES AND OTHER BLEMISHES DUE TO EXTERNAL CAUSES

Cuticura's soothing action helps win and keep skin loveliness. Cuticura Soap provides most thorough cleansing action. Cuticura Ointment relieves externally caused blemishes, soothes irritation. Each 25c.

MADE IN CANADA

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

bright, were tangled in the trees behind the church spire. The light gleamed from little shops; she would bring Edward in his wheeled chair and they would visit each one. He would be inured to cold, Frank would have had him out each day. He could not propel himself. Frank dreamed of a connection between Edward's strongest muscles and the chair's mechanism.

"Hello, Mr. Donley!"

Donley, the night watchman, flourished his stick. "Been askin' about you. Was it cold where you were?"

"The flowers were blooming, but this is better," she called over her shoulder. There it is! The red-shaded lamp was burning, there were lights in the dining room and the upper hall. She laughed. For a while, at least, they wouldn't need to live in semi-darkness for the sake of economy.

A car stood before the door—a long, fine car. Could anything have happened? She saw young Wilson clinging to the telephone in the Chicago station. Oh, no! she thought, and ran. Why, it was Doctor Lamb's car!

She opened the door and went in. There were flowers on the hall table and a fire on the living-room hearth. Edward was in his wheeled chair; he cried, "Mother!" She did not realize that he propelled himself toward her.

"Here I am!" She stooped to lay her cheek against his. Her vision cleared. Slender Frank leaped from the divan; stout Doctor Lamb struggled to escape from its depths. Blueprints slid from their laps. There was another person here—another boy in a wheeled chair. Or did she see double? Frank crossed the room in two steps and put his arm around her. He was, as she said, tall and handsome. He looked younger, he looked happy.

"Why, Alice!"

Alice remembered a third stranger, vaguely seen. The dining table was set, a man was lifting to it a steaming platter. His black clothes were covered by an apron. He was Doctor Lamb's chauffeur— no mistaking him.

Her eyes travelled to Doctor Lamb, to the strange boy, older than Edward, perhaps fourteen. He had Edward's ardent look, as though he said, "I'm afflicted, but not destroyed." She laid her hand on his shoulder—thus she looked at her own boy. "And who is this?"

Doctor Lamb was at last out of the couch. "That's my Philip."

I knew but I'd forgotten, said Alice in her mind. His only, motherless child.

"He's been visiting me for a month," said Edward, excitedly. "He'd like to stay longer, and I'd like to have him. Another boy's been here; when he came, he couldn't push himself. Now he can. Father taught him lessons."

"I came back the day after you'd gone," said Doctor Lamb. "It seemed to me that Edward was having a better time than my Philip."

Frank crossed the hall to the dining room. "The Queen's arrived," he announced in a shaken tone.

"Another place, William."

Dr. Lamb laid a friendly arm across Alice's shoulder. "My Philip's come alive," he said in a low voice. "Fevered wanted to surprise you. I can send him child after child at his own price. Don't discourage him!"

"Discourage him!" Alice laid her head on Dr. Lamb's shoulder and wept. ☆

3 Smart Girls

I ASK YOU... Why put up with blunt, bulky ends?

I've felt like a different woman since I discovered that Kotex Sanitary Napkins have special patented *Pressed Ends* that fit flatly, without discomfort or embarrassment. That unbearable bulky feeling is gone forever because here's one napkin that doesn't shift, bunch or chafe!

SOFTNESS AND SAFETY *that's what I want!*

And that's why I'll never again use anything but Kotex Sanitary Napkins! Because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot!

3 SIZES OF KOTEX *make all my days Perfect*

If any girl hasn't learned this secret, she's missing comfort and protection never before possible! With 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super—it's now a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs from day to day.

Better Say Kotex — Better for You

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS (*Trade Mark Reg.)

A Flowering Beauty Yet she's a Wallflower

Why doesn't she use a Long-Lasting Deodorant

"YOU NEED A TRUE PERSPIRATION CHECK THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE."

Dorothy Dix

Adviser to millions of women on affairs of the heart and daintiness

THE figure of a young goddess —a face perfect as a flower! Yet she's left alone after the first few dances. If she only realized that long-lasting charm is impossible without a *long-lasting* perspiration check!

Every girl needs a *long-lasting* deodorant for long-lasting daintiness. One that can't wash off in a bath . . . that *keeps* you sweet through hours of dancing, shopping, golf, walking.

If you're gay, nervous, hurried, you'll perspire. *Everyone* does! And the minute your underarm becomes damp, your charm and appeal are threatened.

No exceptions!

Make this simple test. Smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. It may tell you why you sit on the fringe, embarrassed, while men cut in on other girls.

You'll know why so many women consider Liquid Odorono so important to good grooming. With Liquid Odorono your underarm is not only sweet, but *dry!* Perspiration *can't* collect on your dress and hover around every time you wear it.

Liquid Odorono is a doctor's prescription —a true perspiration check that scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining. It keeps your *underarm and your dress dry* from 1 to 3 days!

Makes daintiness easier!

Liquid Odorono will simplify your problem of daily daintiness. The average woman needs to use Liquid Odorono only twice a week. You can put the thought of underarm odor *and* dampness from your mind for as much as three days.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get a large-size bottle or jar today!

The Odorono Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

MADE IN CANADA

Journey Home

Continued from page 22

as preparatory schools did. Frank does beautiful wood-carving. He's carved all sorts of devices to make Edward more comfortable; Edward's chair and bed are marvels of ingenuity. When Frank sits before the fire, I can almost see in his brain the gadgets he's contriving for Edward. Matters were not really serious till October. We had always had some cash, but then we had nothing but twenty cents."

"Did you go back to nursing?"

A nerve in Alice's cheek twitched. "I was afraid it would humiliate Frank, and we still had the house. Finally, when I tried to find nursing, nurses were a drug on the market."

"You don't look like twenty cents!"

"Twenty cents," repeated Alice. "When I went to the bank to mortgage my house, I had twenty cents. I thought I could get ten thousand dollars gradually, a thousand at a time. I could get only two thousand, and we owed almost that much."

"Fierce, hasn't it been?" said young Wilson.

"They deducted a year's interest and credited two thousand dollars to our account, and I drew out ten dollars and went home—creeping. The manager said I was the only woman who accepted without protest the bank's valuation of her house. I was too crushed to protest.

"When I went down the street, the house didn't seem to be mine. It's not, you understand, a grand house. It was June and the pink climbing roses almost touched the roof. A limousine stood before the door and when I went in, there was Doctor Lamb.

"He'd told Frank what he wanted. He had a patient, a girl of nineteen, the wife of an English tea planter in Java, who'd come to Montreal four months before her time to be under his care. They are Benson and Delone, tea merchants, with offices everywhere; this child was to be the great-great-grandchild of both founders of the firm. He was to be a boy. Dr. Lamb had little hope of saving mother or baby."

"And he wanted you to take care of them?"

"Yes. He wanted a nurse who'd herself had a child. Part of the girl's trouble was terror."

"And you saved mother and baby?"

"He saved them. It was a boy. Then the family wanted me to take them home. Perhaps it was Doctor Lamb's idea; he understood our situation. He promised to visit Edward and Frank now and then."

Still the train did not move.

"I took them to Java. They're enormously, enormously rich; it was like something out of the 'Arabian Nights.' They paid me five thousand dollars and overwhelmed me with presents. This precious watch, made to order, is one of many."

"Will you keep on nursing?"

"I won't need to at once. By the time the money's gone Frank may have work. My heart aches for him—aches." Alice wiped away tears. "A man has a right to his pride. Now I'm going home. Nothing else matters. No doubt everything will be in disorder, but that makes no difference."

Wilson took her hand in both his own. "Do you know what I believe? I believe that he'll have found some way out. Perhaps being alone will have helped. He's had time to think without his heart being torn by the sight of you. Will he meet you?"

"He doesn't know I'm coming today. I want to walk from the station. I'll go down the street and see the house in the distance. I wish it were going to be evening. There's a red-shaded lamp in the living room; you spy it from afar."

Wilson looked at his watch. "It's two o'clock! We're not moving!"

The porter stood at the door. "You folks better get to bed."

"There's no use now," laughed Alice excitedly.

"The road's blocked," said the porter. "No gettin' in till afternoon."

"Oh, I can't stand it!" cried Alice.

"You can sleep," suggested the porter.

"You'll reach home in the evening as you wished," said Wilson.

"The evening!"

The train made up a little time, lost it, made up a little less. Breakfast and lunch were combined, hours after the time for arrival. Suddenly French names began to flash past—De Beaujeu, St. Clet, St. Lazare. They passed blocks of houses and entered the train-shed.

"Good-by," said Alice. "Thank you!" A nice boy, he was young, he'd forget he'd been so unhappy.

"Tell me your name," begged Wilson. "I may need consolation tomorrow. Don't stop being my friend!"

"Is it Charlotte?" laughed Alice.

"Yes. But I'm not too hopeful."

"My name's Feverel, the place is Edgewood. Come to see us and bring Charlotte."

The slackening speed was apparent in the slow march of the pillars supporting the roof. Alice walked briskly beside her porter. A girl approached swiftly, giving each male passenger a glance. She began to run. Alice stood still, looking back.

"Oh, Jim!" cried the girl. "Oh, Jim!"

Young Wilson swung her off her feet. He'll need no consolation from me, thought Alice. One hour more!

"I've been away a long time," said she to the porter.

"Yes, miss. I see that on your labels. Taxi?"

"The Edgewood train."

ALICE SAT in the last seat, her bags beside her. The train crawled, stopping at each station. Farmingham, Hartfield, Sweetwater. Again the wheels ground to a stop. The snow was deep, the air bitter, but she did not regret Java's lush forests and flaming blossoms. The conductor lifted her bags down the step.

"I'm sorry they're so heavy."

"That's all right. Glad you're home."

The old taxi driver touched his hat.

"Please bring my bags in an hour," directed Alice.

"You been away a long time."

"Yes," said Alice. "A long, long time."

The air was sharp against her cheek; the sun was down, the stars, pearly

They Go Back to Work, too . .

EVEN THE littlest ones like to start back to school looking their best. And here are some gay cottons that will make them feel as happy as possible about the whole thing.

School clothes especially must be sturdy and comfortable, so select firmly woven fabrics such as cotton twill or denim, and No. 3062 for the rough-and-tumble life led by small boys. This nautical-minded overall also serves as a sun-suit and girls like it too.

Rickrack trims the smart little frock, No. 3072, while the rompers, made with the same pattern, are an engaging costume in pink and white checked gingham.

Pleats make flirtatious frocks for small girls with dimpled knees, and No. 3079 is just flared enough to win coquettish approval. Make it of French blue broadcloth collared with white lawn, if her curls are golden.

Pleats and printed organdie are irresistible to girls of ten, particularly dainty frocks like No. 3084 with its trimming of tiny ruffles. Select a permanent-finish organdie that retains a crisp new look after each trip to the laundry.

Show us the junior deb who doesn't dote on peasant dresses. They adore the picturesque manner of full-skirted jumpers like No. 3070, and the new peasant designs printed on vivid cottons make this the season's gayest young fashion.

Pattern descriptions on page 34.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Waistlines on the Move

PARIS IS predicting lower waistlines with subtly placed yokes, or panels like the tapered bodice panel of No. 3039. A cluster of gathers placed at the centre-front of the skirt also achieves a new and graceful skirt silhouette.

Even semitailored dresses follow the centre-front position for skirt interest. A panel of knife pleats does the trick for No. 3045, repeating the precise lines of the pleated bolero. Choose a gay, red and white print in horizontal stripes or bright green rayon crepe. Pattern descriptions on page 34.

A *must* for every autumn wardrobe are cool, dark frocks of marquisette or triple chiffon. Plan one with a breezy full skirt like No. 3034, for you will love the shadowy folds of the gathered skirt, and the snowy edging of pleated organdie on the pockets and neckline.

Contrasting drapery makes a flattering vest for No. 3042. Notice the trim-fitting midriff yoke and the low-placed pleats that suggest a longer waistline. A striking frock for a black and coral print accented with a contrast of coral chiffon.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

the education which their father gave them instead of saving for his old age.

THEN THERE are cases of deliberate fraud practiced by people who do not need help at all. Right Hon R. B. Bennett told the House of Commons about one instance, reported to him by a western banker, of a man coming into the bank one day to cash a substantial bond coupon at one wicket and an old-age pension cheque at another. Hon. Charles Dunning has also referred in Parliament to cases of people owning valuable property "horning in" on pensions, the frauds being discovered only after their deaths, when their wills were probated. For a time, too, it was very common for well-to-do elderly people to put all their property in their children's names, then apply for pensions, declaring that they were destitute and nobody could help them. Today's careful system of investigation makes it increasingly difficult for such applications to go through, and there is also a constant watch for undeserving cases, which results in many names every year being dropped from the pension rolls.

Before condemning all chisellers wholeheartedly, however, it would be well to consider how much they have been influenced by the attitude of men in public life. There has been very, very little mention of frauds by politicians and Government officials. They have wailed about mounting costs, there have been violent arguments and bitter exchanges between municipal, provincial, and federal authorities about sharing the expense of caring for the needy, but seldom has there been any discussion of cutting costs by having people look after their own dependents whenever possible. Every pensioner and relief recipient has a vote. So have his friends and relations. It is not surprising that people in office, or aspiring to it, soft-pedal the matter of individual responsibility, and are loud in demands for bigger relief allowances, pensions at sixty-five, less red tape about investigations, and so on. As a natural consequence, many people get the idea that relief and pensions are a right, not a privilege.

Some politicians go even farther, and connive at crookedness. Most people claim smugly that Canada has nothing to compare with relief abuses and pension scandals in the United States; others hint darkly that startling exposés could be made. I don't know who is right, but even in Canada, human nature is human nature, and votes are votes. There were charges in the House of Commons this session that the Liberal Party in Saskatchewan had handed out relief promiscuously to party friends, and that a national relief commission was needed to clean up the situation. There are occasional mutterings about relief graft in Quebec. Nearly every district in Canada can tell stories of local politicians interfering with relief or pension machinery to get benefits for friends, or making pre-election promises to do so.

Once elected, some men try to build up good will for the next contest by being helpful about pensions. Suppose an old man has transferred a valuable farm to his sons, and eventually applies for a pension, saying he is destitute and his children cannot help. When the application is to come before the local board, one of the boys may go to the reeve or a councillor, and ask him to use his influence to have it passed. They both know about the land transfer, they both know that the children could easily look after their father among them, but the local big shot doesn't want to antagonize all the votes in the connection by putting his foot down on chiselling, and may agree. Tightening of regulations is making it increasingly difficult for petty politicians to do this kind of thing, but their attitude in the past has not encouraged self-sacrifice or independence on the part of ordinary citizens.

WHAT THE future of relief and pensions will be, nobody can say, but the whole problem is one that might well commend itself to the attention of women. They could keep an eye on conditions in their own communities, and create public opinion both in favor of giving aid promptly when it was needed, and refusing it flatly when it was not. The votes of the people who pay the bills are on the whole more weighty than the votes of those who profit. Women do most of the budgeting in their own homes, and if they once concerned themselves with the budgeting of public money, it is highly probable that leaks would be stopped. There is also the matter of personal thrift where possible, through retirement insurance schemes, and the building of a strong family feeling that would make appeals to charity unthinkable except in case of dire necessity.

CANADIAN women's clubs would also perform a valuable service by studying experiments like American social security plans, old-age and unemployment insurance schemes in Great Britain, and the contributory old-age-pension scheme in New Zealand. They could find out whether any of them are suitable to Canadian needs, or possible under Canadian laws, and use their influence as voters either in demanding something of the kind or protesting against it. Conventions of women have a habit of passing resolutions demanding this or that reform, sometimes without sufficient information. Club leaders will find much food for thought in remarks made by Hon. Charles Dunning in the House of Commons, March 6, speaking to a resolution calling for reducing the age at which people became eligible for old-age pensions.

"I thank God that our Canadian people are still imbued with sufficient independence to want to provide their own security for their own old age," he said. He appealed for the three and a half million Canadians who were providing this security in the form of life insurance, and the four and a half million Canadians who had money in savings accounts. These were the people who must bear added taxation for every cent the Government might spend on more old-age pensions or other welfare legislation. Reducing the pensions age to sixty-five would increase the immediate cost by $8,621,000, while reducing it to sixty would increase the immediate cost by $44,000,000.

Mr. Dunning declared he was tired of hearing the Canadian people spoken

"TELL ME, DOCTOR

. . . *What is this* 'DETTOL'? Nurse tells me you used it at the hospital when baby was born; now she uses it on all the children's cuts and scratches. Could *I* use it . . . for personal cleansing, I mean?"

'DETTOL' is the brand name of the modern British antiseptic now being used to give you protection at our great maternity hospitals. Naturally, such a product is safe and effective for women's intimate personal uses as well as other antiseptic purposes. For while 'DETTOL' is powerful in destroying the germs of infection (several times as effective as pure carbolic acid) yet, it is non-poisonous, gentle to delicate human tissue and so clean and clear it will not even stain your linen. 'DETTOL' is really pleasant to use and an excellent deodorant. As part of your health-and-daintiness routine, 'DETTOL' will keep you immaculate and assured. Ask your doctor.

Use 'DETTOL' Antiseptic also on cuts, bites and abrasions to prevent dreaded infection—as a gargle for sore throats, as a cleansing deodorant in the bath and for other home uses. Full directions with every bottle.

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Please send me FREE trial bottle of 'DETTOL' with instruction booklet.

NAME .....

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Canada's Meanest Racket

Continued from page 13

are not due to misunderstanding, but to people becoming weary of well-doing. Children who have supported parents for years often feel they have a right to pass the buck when the old folks reach seventy. Recently I happened to meet Mary B., who comes from my home town. Her husband has a good job in a fair-sized city, but during the ten years they have been married, they have been kept poor helping John's father, who had to retire at an early age through illness. Mary looked very happy the day I saw her, and explained, "We feel so rich now that grandpa is getting the old age pension. Looking after him has been quite a strain, but now we are going to buy a car and have some fun for a change." It was easy to sympathize with her viewpoint, but had those people a right to buy a car and let the community take over the job of supporting grandpa?

When it would be a real sacrifice for children to help their parents, the old people often prefer deceiving the authorities to being a burden on their offspring. This is particularly common among families in poor circumstances. Often a family has been on relief for years, gradually becoming more hopeless and discouraged. Then a son or daughter gets a job. Immediately the wage-earner goes off relief, and is ordered, besides, to contribute a portion of earnings toward the support of parents. However, after this levy is paid out of a small salary, there is no money left for recreation, no possibility of saving, and the family standard of living is no better than it was before. Little wonder that some parents neglect to report their children's earnings, preferring to let Jim or Annie have a chance to get ahead. Neither is it surprising that the guilty parties feel they are not committing any crime. They can't feel badly about adding to the taxes of citizens able to pay taxes, when all around them they see people enjoying cars, fur coats, and other luxuries out of their reach.

There is no excuse, however, for parents refusing to be a burden to children who could stand the load. Take Mr. A., who sent three sons to university, but applied for a pension rather than ask them for help. They are all married, it is true, but they have better than average jobs, due to

☆ *Continued on next page*

Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns, pages 32, 33

No. 3084—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires, 3¼ yards 35- or 39-inch fabric for dress, ¾ yards 35- or 39-inch fabric for collar, front band and belt. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3072—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 14 requires, 2⅝ yards 35-inch fabric for rompers, ¼ yard 35-inch fabric for collar; 4⅛ yards 35-inch fabric for dress, 5¾ yards rickrack braid; ½ yard 35-inch fabric for bonnet. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3070—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20. Size 15 requires, 3¼ yards 35- or 39-inch fabric for jumper dress, 2⅝ yards 35-inch fabric for rompers; 3¼ yards bias fold tape to trim. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3079—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, 1½ yards 35-inch fabric; 1⅜ yards 39-inch fabric for dress; ⅛ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for collar; 1¼ yards ¾-inch purchased frilling. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3062—Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, 1¾ yards 35-inch; 1 yard 54-inch fabric for overall; 1⅜ yards braid trimming. Price, 15 cents.

USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

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REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

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SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

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Parker WASHABLE Quink is the only ink that can be spilled SAFELY. And ink is sure to be spilled sometime. So take the precaution of getting WASHABLE Quink before another day of school.

A harmless ingredient in Quink dissolves the sediment left by pen-clogging inks—cleanses your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other. This ends clogging—allows the pen to start instantly. And Quink dries so fast on paper that you can throw your blotters away.

Don't get our PERMANENT Quink unless it's for everlasting records. It's as permanent as the paper. And don't risk so-called washable inks that may leave a stain. Be sure to ask for WASHABLE Quink by its full name. 15¢ or 25¢.

Parker Quink

The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited, Toronto.

For instant relief from painful callouses and burning sensations on the bottom of your feet—get New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Entirely different in design, shape and texture and 630% softer. These soothing, healing Kurotex cushioned pads of fleecy softness give mild support to Metatarsal Arch; lift pressure off the sensitive nerves; give greater ease in high-heeled shoes. New thin SEAL-TIP Scalloped Edge molds pad around painful spot. Don't stick to stocking or come off in bath. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing callouses. Increased quantity at NO EXTRA COST—only 35¢. Sizes for Callouses, Corns, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.

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Keeps Suede clean . . . *and soft!*

Fashion says suede shoes—and we agree! Provided that you keep them always new-looking with Meltonian Suede Cleaner. Your shoes will keep that rich, velvet-napped smoothness right through changing Canadian seasons if you use this famous English cleaner.

With bristle brush and dauber — complete 25 cents.

MELTONIAN
SUEDE CLEANER

BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V

Katie waiting at the end of the drive. Behind the lace and geraniums of the parlor window loomed a red moon that was Mrs. Mulligan's face, so they did not stand very close to each other.

"So at last you will be leaving Ballybawn and Ireland and all. Well, I'll be wishing good luck to you now, Miss Molloy. Sure it might be himself and not me that turns up at the boat to wish you good-by. All the luck in the world, if it's only opportunity you're wanting, for a rich and handsome husband who is sure to be a gentleman whatever else he may be."

Tim swept off his cap with a mock flourish and made her a deep bow.

"There's no need for you to be speaking so, Tim Kelly," said Katie, her chin wobbling a little. "There's no need for you to be speaking to me at all, if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head."

"What? And yourself sneaking away down here for the purpose of a last word of farewell with me? And to rub me nose in it, too, I'll be thinking."

"I did not, then. It was an errand I had to Mrs. Mulligan."

"I wouldn't like for to call you a liar, Katie Molloy."

"No more would I, Tim Kelly—or you might be getting the flat of my hand to your face."

"At least 'twould be something to remember you by."

And what might have happened then, nobody could say, for Mrs. Mulligan by now had decided that after all it was her duty to open the gates even though it be for the son of the Dublin factor, who was no better than the butcher or the baker in her opinion, no less than in the opinion of herself up at the big house.

And it was because of Tim Kelly, according to rumors that had reached Mrs. Mulligan, that Miss Katie was being sent for a long visit to her old maid aunties in London.

Katie walked back the ways he'had come heedless of the soft wild beau of the morning.

She had wanted to go to London if only for the change it would be from the monotony of Ballybawn. She had never fared farther than Dublin in her life, where she had been at school, and where her father sometimes took her for the Horse Show. London must be a wonderful place and her aunties were going to give her money to buy clothes for herself, too. But there was a catch in it. Already without stirring a step she was homesick.

TERENCE MOLLOY heard the news when he came in for dinner, and blenched for the whole of ten pounds out of which he had been cheated. All that money to be squandered on giving a girl a jaunt to London, where as sure as God lives she'd be getting herself into mischief and nobody but three old maids to stop her. As if they could!

"There's plenty of mischief she could be getting into here in Ballybawn," Katie's mother said darkly.

The squire fetched a heartbroken sigh.

"Tim Kelly's in a good way of business," he said gloomily. "And will be in a still better one when the old curmudgeon himself kicks the bucket. A girl might go farther and fare worse."

"Terence!" thundered the female beadle.

"'Twas only an idea to save the wasting of that money," the squire protested with a melancholy shake of the head.

Mrs. Molloy took this tragic moment to remind her lord and master of his unpaid bills, and delivered him a disagreeable message from Kelly Senior, to the effect that there wouldn't be any remittances this month on account of the quarterly interest on the mortgages falling due.

"So you see, there's nothing for it but for Katie to make a fine marriage," she said. Although God knows what that had to do with it.

Katie burst into tears, and Terence stamped out of the room.

WHEN THE day came for Katie to start on her journey, it was her father who elected to escort her to Dublin; and since his word was law when it could not be outwitted, there was nothing poor Mrs. Molloy could do but go down to the lodge gates and godspeed them. The Mulligans and Bridget Casey came too, and there was a gathering of the cottagers, for the news had flown quickly that Katie Molloy was going to London to live with her aunties.

Terence, who weighed fourteen stone and stood six-foot-three in his socks, made a slim little dot of Katie who hardly reached up to his shoulder. In fine spirits was Terence Molloy and cast jokes right and left whilst they waited for the bus, but Katie could hardly see for the tears that blurred her eyes, and her mother and Mrs. Mulligan and Bridget Casey wept openly.

"'Tis all a lot of silly nonsense to my way of thinking," said Terence, wiping a tear from his own eye out of compliment to the weeping women.

KATIE SAT with her face to the window watching the familiar scenery disappear. She felt woefully small and lonely and her heart was very heavy. It would be better when they got to Dublin.

Dublin always excited her, and surely there could be no fairer city in all the world. In leaving Ballybawn she was leaving Dublin behind too, and her father and mother, and going to a foreign land, and although that should be the least of it, more likely than not she would never see Tim Kelly again.

It was a forlorn little figure that trudged behind Terence Molloy down the dreary side streets that led to Kelly & Son's offices near the river.

"Whisht, an' here we are," said Terence. "Only a step and you're in England in a manner of speaking, though there'll be hours to wait. That would be the Holyhead boat just berthed." He pointed in the direction of a couple of funnels showing beyond the wharves.

Kelly & Son's was not an imposing building, merely an old slate-roofed house converted for business purposes, with a brass plate at the side of the door announcing their calling.

In the outer office an ancient clerk drooped on a stool at a high desk. Terence Molloy deposited his daughter and her modest assortment of luggage and went inside to see Mr. Kelly. There was no sign of Tim. And presently the two of them came out together, Tim's father, a fat little man with red hair

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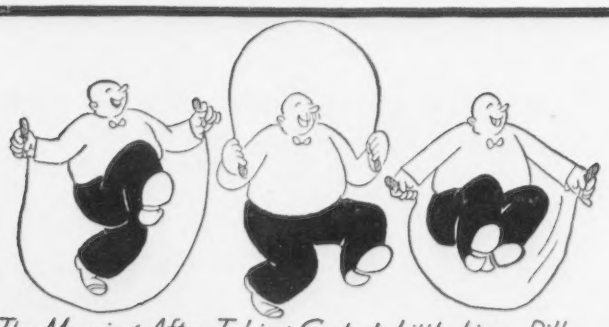

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

of from the floor of the House as a backward people, simply because old-age-pension schemes and other social welfare schemes had been developed in other countries. These other countries had either evolved a solution to constitutional difficulties which Canada still faced, or had always had a different form of Government. Canadian people were developing these schemes from the bottom up, and developing them with the sound ideal of helping self-help. He placed before the House the ideal of a nationally-administered old-age pension scheme paid for by the national treasury, and with a contributory feature for all ages below seventy, but pointed out that such a scheme was impossible under the present constitution.

However, if women voters are not led astray by will-o'-the-wisp schemes, they can undoubtedly influence future legislation, besides doing their part to see that existing laws for relieving distress are not abused. ☆

Opportunity is What You Want

Continued from page 9

hereabouts at all. There's scarce a gentleman left in the county that's not already fled away or sinking into his grave. All the rest is just the riff-raff."

Tim thrust out his under lip, but it was the only sign he gave that he had been stung.

"Now, I'll excuse you, Katie, whilst Mr. Timothy and I finish our business. This day week you'll be leaving, so you'd best start at once on the new nighties Bridget cut out yesterday. I've left the sewing machine ready for you."

Tim winced at the mention of such intimacies, but Katie Molloy merely tossed her head as she flounced out of the room. There was nothing to be coy about where those nighties were concerned. Like the drawers and camisoles—three of each—they were cut from strong white calico, and yards and yards of the tatty-lace, which Bridget Casey could do in her sleep, were fated for their ornamentation.

Katie did not care if they never got made. In fact she cared so little that instead of going upstairs to the sewing machine, she went out of the house by the kitchen door and took the path through the spinney to Mulligan's lodge.

Katie walked quickly because she knew her mother would not keep Tim Kelly any longer than was necessary, and she wanted to get to the lodge gates before he did. Mrs. Mulligan would see her, of course, and tell Mulligan who would tell Bridget Casey who would tell her mother, but little did she care about that this morning. They couldn't do anything much to her, because after she'd gone to London and made her fine marriage, she was never likely to see Tim Kelly again, anyway. And as for him being allowed to put her onto the boat all by himself, she knew better because her mother was planning to take the bus to Dublin with her, and little there would be for Tim to do but turn up with the money for her ticket.

TIM BROUGHT his car violently to a standstill and leaped out when he saw

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RENDELLS

31

"That would be a cold in the head I have," Katie replied.

"You'll feel better when we're on the boat—just the both of us, together."

"What do you mean—on the boat, the both of us?"

"Hasn't the ould rapscallion—I beg your pardon, I mean, hasn't your dad told you?"

"Told me? And what would he be telling me?"

"Why, the two of them are connivin' together over at the Minstrel Boy. I just left 'em this very minute. It's business that takes me to London, too—and maybe it's partly the same sort of business as yours is. For only the other day my old man was sayin' it's time I found me a wife."

Going to London, was he, and on the very same boat to Holyhead and the very same train to London. What would her mother say about that when she found out! And wouldn't her aunties be scandalized?

Tim pulled up a chair and sat down close to Katie, putting the lunch box on the floor and taking both her hands in his.

"It's loving you I am, Katie Molloy," he said, tenderly. "It's loving you I am, more than I know how to tell you. But I never did get a proper chance to tell you, did I?—with herself hugging the both of us closer than our shadows."

Katie's lips began to tremble and she thought her heart was going to burst.

"Oh, Tim!" she cried. "I wisht I had known."

"Wait until I've told you a little more of it. I made bold to say the same to your dad himself. I put it in writing, too, and he says to tell you that you'll not be going to London this night with me on the same boat, unless first we go to the priest. So what are we going to do about it, Katie Molloy?"

"My father said that?" Katie asked, her eyes wide and startled.

"Them were his very words. Although I gave him fair warning. This week I wrote to him and I registered the letter so he would have to open it, him thinking no doubt there'd be money in it. But there was only the promise of money."

Tim was getting closer and closer to her now; their knees were touching and he leaned over to put an arm around her waist.

"I don't know what you mean, Tim Kelly."

"I mean we are going to be married, Katie. That is—unless your eye's been foolin' me these past many months. And that time I kissed you. You didn't mind that, did you, Katie?"

"I didn't mind. But my mother'll never allow me to marry you, Tim Kelly."

"Himself will be at the church. He wrote me to that effect, in case I made bold to take out a license, and when we talked together at the Minstrel Boy, he was more of the same mind than ever. I know I'm not a gentleman, but the squire's not so particular as your lady mother."

"Oh, Tim, it's not a gentleman I'm wanting for a husband—it's you!" cried Katie Molloy.

She thrust her face toward him to be kissed.

CLINGING CLOSE to Tim's arm on the narrow pavement going up from the water-front, she asked: "What was it about the promise of money in your letter to my father?"

"Oh, that!" Tim said off-handedly. "It was only the ten pounds that your aunties sent and I guessed would be bothering the ould rapscallion. He wouldn't like for it to get away from him so I dropped a hint that were you married to me, naturally I'd bear the cost of the honeymoon. But I'm not giving him the ten pounds until we come out of church. If I gave it to him before, Terence Molloy might change his mind."

Katie tossed her head and interrupted gaily.

"Thinking of the grand reception he'll be getting at Ballybawn . . . Well, he could change it for all of me," she added. ☆

Be Your Age

Continued from page 19

manicured (but never mind colored polish, unless it's very pale) and keep your clothes clean, pressed and mended.

SIXTEEN TO TWENTY

Wear dainty lingerie — sprigged cotton or silk — and get a girdle if you haven't had one—the kind you can wash easily but with a bit more support and some of the nipping in at the waist that is being done this year, if your figure isn't naturally like that. Your brassiere can do more shaping now, so change to a type that gives you form under tight little blouses or brief sport sweaters. Keep your hems short and get all the young, young, young and gay things you like—little suits with flared skirts and brief jackets with the new back fullness.

Look and Act gay and young and active. Don't wear clothes or a manner which are lazy and lackadaisical. Never mind the la-de-da stuff. Have beaux but don't go after them or treat them like dirt under your feet. Do things with "the crowd" and have lots of parties, raids on the family frig. afterward, and picnics and clam bakes. Wear a little lipstick, a bit of rouge if you're pale, and powder neither too deep nor too pink in tone—as natural as possible. A cleansing cream, eye bath and vaseline for your brows and lashes will see you through night duty. Have as long and flowing a bob as you like with ribbons and flowers in your locks.

TWENTY TO THIRTY

(I've put these ten years together because they're pretty much the marrying years, or the getting-into-your-stride in business years, and you may develop slowly or rapidly.)

Look your very prettiest. Smartness, if you're going in for it, and sophistication, will wait until you're thirty. You can go into some pretty bright and gay colors now for sportswear—the new sporting pink, for instance—in jackets, vivid blues for sweaters, and that really important

"Its lovely but is it Runproof?"

"Yes, Madam, the label means that the garment is made of genuine warpknit fabric — runproof, shrinkproof, colour-fast.

"Tell me, what do you mean by warpknit fabric? Is it just ordinary knitted fabric which has been made ladderproof?"

"Oh no, madam, the machines used for making the warpknit runproof fabrics are entirely different from those which make ordinary fabrics that run. To make warpknit fabric the machines weave thousands of ends of yarn into a lock-stitched warp fabric, whereas the kind which ladders is made from a single end of yarn, just as you would knit a stocking or a sweater."

"Thank you, I'll certainly buy Runproof garments, they seem to be well made and reasonably priced."

"Oh yes, madam, only licensed manufacturers can buy genuine Runproof fabric and use the Runproof label, and they must pledge themselves to make full-cut, carefully finished garments.

RUN-PROOF LOCKNIT

Insist that all your knit underwear bears the Runproof label. It is your guarantee of long wear.

LOCKNIT RUNPROOF UNDERWEAR

"Buy by the label"

Mrs. W. Gurney Locke washes dishes every day. Thanks to Lux, her hands look as lovely as when she was married three years ago.

Beauty experts advise Lux for dishes:

"We advise women who prize lovely hands to use Lux for dishwashing," beauty experts say. "We can't tell the difference between the hands of women who have maids and those who use Lux for dishes."

Soaps containing harmful alkali irritate the skin—dry out precious natural oils. Lux has no harmful alkali. It leaves hands soft, white, adorable!

buy the **BIG** box

a little goes so far—it's **thrifty**

TUNE IN "THE LIFE AND LOVE OF DR. SUSAN" DAILY—MONDAY to FRIDAY *See local paper for time and station*

and whiskers looking quite comic alongside the towering figure of the squire, if one had been in a mood just then to see the funny side.

Mr. Kelly shook hands with Katie and chucked her under the chin, and her father winked at her and said: "We're goin' out to see some of the lads. And mind you don't stir, Katie, until somebody comes for you."

A LUMP rose in her throat. Perhaps her mother's strong will had prevailed and she wouldn't see hide nor hair of Tim, even to bid him good-by. Or perhaps Tim himself meant to keep away from her, for which no one could blame him.

It was dreary and uncomfortable waiting in the untidy office with the old clerk, shrivelled as a dry reed on his high stool, peering at her over steel-bowed spectacles like a schoolmaster with a rod in pickle waiting an excuse to pounce.

Katie Molloy was afraid even to blow her nose, and although she was getting hungry would never have dared, with him looking on, to open the cardboard box of lunch Bridget Casey had packed for her.

She seemed to have been sitting there for hours, when suddenly all the whistles in the world began to blow, and simultaneously there was a clatter of hurrying footsteps past Mr. Kelly's windows and the sound of bicycle bells and the rich brogue of Dublin's workers going home to dinner.

Moved by the same impulse, the old clerk let himself down from his stool with agility born of long practice and exchanged his office coat for a skirted one of greeny black broadcloth.

With an embarrassed inclination in Katie's direction, he took himself off, and now that she was completely alone, she could cry at her own pleasure.

Of course her father and Mr. Kelly would never come back, or not until it was time to put her onto the boat, and that didn't actually sail until late in the day.

In her little round hat and home-made grey costume, Katie Molloy somehow gave the impression of an abandoned orphan. Ballybawn was a long way away, and so was London, and for once Dublin had not lived up to expectations.

Choking down her sobs and stowing away her damp handkerchief, she began finally to pick at the string of the cardboard box. There would be cold chicken in it, she knew, but she wasn't as hungry now as she had been. She left off at once when she heard the street door open and sat prim and expectant with her hands folded on the box, happily unaware that her nose was all red and shiny.

"WELL, if it isn't Katie Molloy!"

Katie stared at Tim Kelly in a distressed uncertain fashion.

She had hardly expected to see him at all, and she had never seen him looking so grand and dressed up, and with such an untamed light in his eye. But the light might be accounted for on the score that her mother wasn't here. And he, too, must be going on a journey, for he was carrying a bright tan suitcase that looked very new. He set it down and came toward her, a little conscience-stricken, now.

"It's crying, you are," he said very gently.

NOCTURNE . . Georgian Bay

By MONA GOULD

☆

Here the larkspur colored water
Slips without a sound
Up on the rocks,
Recedes,
And flows again into the mother blue
Of the outer Bay.

Quiet comes down like a silver cloak
Over the trembling shoulders of the poplars
And the velvet-spotted birches
And the evergreens.

And then the moon,
Dipping her fingers in the troubled mirror
Of the Sound;
Laughing a little, at the scurrying ripples
That would elude
Her mischievous trifling.

Quiet . . velvet quiet . . and the ceaseless
lipping of the water
Cool, on the sombre rocks.
Peace has opened here, quite widely,
Like the sweet and rare night-blooming
Nicotine.
Life flows in a minor key,
Sweetly, and darkly!

He was always explaining her. It had begun in the Kindergarten. He could remember the day she'd blown into his classroom in the full regalia of Commandant of some strange and fearful feminine organization called the W.A.A.C.'s. (David had dimly known there was a War going on and that his mother was managing it.) She had not been actually booted and spurred. But she had looked as though she ought to be. And at the same time one had felt the invisible presence of scarves and beads and probably a safety-pin. She was going to France with her regiment or whatever it was and had come to say good-by. He remembered how he had felt—heartbroken at her going and wishing to the bottom of his small shocked soul that she hadn't come. For he didn't need the reactions of his fellow infants to know that his mother was not like their mothers—a disgrace that he had never lived down, not even by being more like other little boys than other little boys really were.

"She's wonderful," Elinor said.

So it would be all right. She understood. She would be kind and tolerant. In his love and gratitude he put his arm about her, trying to keep her clear of the increasing and unmanageable mob that swirled around them.

"That dreadful girl!" Elinor said. "I wish she wasn't sailing with you, David. She'll poison everything. Do you remember the night your father would take us to see her show and how bored we were?"

Looking over the tossing sea of heads immediately in front of him he saw the girl standing on the steps of the reserved first class carriage and recognized her. Of course he remembered. He even remembered the silly song she'd sung. He and Elinor had been sitting in the second row of the stalls and he'd been smiling down at her. And by some absurd mischance, as he looked up across the footlights, the smile had still lingered. And Biff-Janey, or whatever she called herself, had actually smiled back at him. And he had blushed. Nothing could have stopped that blush. He couldn't even look away from her. To have done so, as he realized, would have been to acknowledge an absurd defeat.

Then as the music started she had leaned forward, hands on knees, in a street urchin's attitude, and sung direct to him.

She had a husky, untrained voice. But it had whatever it was she had. And it carried to the last row in the gallery.

The audience had whooped. Strangers had turned and grinned at him as though they expected him to be pleased. His father had actually leaned across Lady Flavia's knees and poked him in the ribs. The whole episode was the more exasperating for the wretched song had a swing to it. People would be dancing to it for months—

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He even remembered the elderly man just ahead of him—a blue-jowelled, prize-fighting looking fellow in very excessive tails who had sat forward on the edge of his seat with that inane look of beatitude.

AND NOW there she was. And what on earth did these people see in her? What were they so pleased about? She wasn't even a platinum blonde. She wore her clear brown hair done in a knot at the nape of her neck and with a bang that looked as though it were a casual leftover from a happy-go-lucky childhood. She was rather tall and rangey—like a rough young colt. She had too wide a mouth. She wasn't beautiful and she wasn't trying to be. And yet she stood there with such frank confidence in herself, laughing down at their upturned faces, greeting them all as friends who had come to give her this hilarious Godspeed.

"Look pretty for us, Biff!"

"I'm trying, boys. But my face won't let me—"

A white flash illuminated her laughter.

"Good old Janey!"

"Not so old either. Look at me girlish figure! Look at me nut-brown hair!"

"We'll love you when it's grey, Biff!"

"By goom, there's a gradely Lancashire lass for thee!"

She snatched off her beret and waved it in the direction of the warm familiar accents.

"Eh, lad, give me luv to Manchester. Tell her not to forget to wash her face Saturday nights."

They howled joyfully.

"Sing us summat, Biff!"

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Name.....

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Look and Act full of vigor and fun—but with some reserve. At this age you're gunning for the best man or the best job you can get. Right? Admit it to yourself but guard it with seven deadly oaths from the other sex. Make-up carefully, watch for eye-crinkles and first signs of chin or neck lines, and use a gentle massage and nourishing cream.

THIRTY TO FORTY

Wear smart lingerie, on the tailored side as you get older. Stop getting shoes, hats, frocks that are too exaggerated. Lengthen your suit jacket (they're coming down for next season anyway) and your skirts a bit. Subdue your stockings as to color but wear them beautifully sheer in the evening. Begin to watch your lines with clever cunning. Get your clothes big enough, buy your girdle and brassiere, or one-piece garment, with great care. Tucks, shirring, pleating, gathers will give you softness where your own lines are beginning to thicken or blur ever so slightly. Buy shoes made on lovely lines (you should be able to spend more on them now)—pumps with high heels for evening, lovely walking shoes for daytime. Get simple things, with gay accents in your accessories—wear a single flower or ornament or best of all, a striking choker and bracelet to match your street clothes. Get that black dress very, very smart and slick looking. Pay less attention to dancing frocks and more to dinner gowns. concert and theatre wear. See that you have a very smart evening wrap—a little piqué jacket won't do any more. Spend your all for furs and instead of getting hats that are all cockeyed, buy one or two really good models with ornaments or feathers. And this year they should be in one color, or, at most, two. Get large interesting patterns in your evening gowns if you're slim enough.

Look and Act youthful, but not kittenish. Be intelligent with men as well as alluring. Be companionable as well as desirable (if you can)! Look striking in two or three outfits instead of having a lot of patched-up pieces. Leave the mixed sports clothes to the youngsters, unless you're very clever at it. Get a really good scarf for your suit, a particularly lovely bag for evening, soft pouches for afternoon and plenty of good gloves. Think at length on richer fabrics, velvets, soft hanging woollens. Never mind the stiff or shiny things.

Avoid too much or too little make-up, "letting yourself go" (now is the time for beauty parlor care, well cut hair, the best permanents, care for your locks if you're greying, slimming exercises and massages.)

Definitely say good-by to long bobs and cascades of curls. Flowers and bows in your hair, novelty clothes and shoes.

FROM FORTY ON

Wear one outfit chosen with the greatest care, rather than two or three. White touches with black and navy. More softness and dressmaker lines than strict tailoring. Rich purples, and wine shades with your greying or grey hair.

The best corseting you can afford. Simple but exquisitely made lingerie. Good shoes that are comfortable, too. Soft lines in your dresses, well fitted coats and frocks, with longer sleeves, smart hats with fitted crowns and good looking trimming, good jewellery, button earrings with your street clothes if your coiffure is smart, deep soft colors in your evening and afternoon clothes, well fitted.

Look and Act charming and poised and at peace with the world. Keep your hair and hands better than you ever have before. Never mind too energetic sports, but keep up your golf and bowling. Have some soft looking negligees or frocks for wear at home. Be tailored if you go to business, with soft touches as to collar, blouse, and other accessories. ☆

Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 7

big enough to hide our Bert," he said. "He'd be preaching at someone from the top of it."

But he didn't look too cheerful. He pushed his way to Biff-Janey's side and put a small white package in her hand.

"It's for you," he said. "Open it after you sail."

She kissed him too and straightened his necktie and buttoned up the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Cheer up, Frank."

"I'm all right," he said smiling.

"I don't want to go either. Not now. I feel like crying like a baby. But I'm tired, Frank. Reckon I ought to see a bit of the world whilst there's summat left of it. And I've worked hard, haven't I?"

"You bet," he said.

"And I've got to find Bert. Ma won't own up to it. But it's breaking her heart—she wants him home—"

"I know that too." He said quietly.

"Keep an eye on her, won't you?"

"You bet," he said again, not so steadily.

"Got to be going, children!"

They carried her with them down the narrow passage to the stage door and out through the joyfully yelling crowd to the Rolls Royce. Mrs. Janeway and Frank were pushed to the rear of the procession. He stayed by her though she knew where he wanted to be. And she clung gratefully to him. He was like her own son—a son after her own heart. Not like poor misguided Bert. Suddenly, indignantly she found that she was crying.

"MOTHER," David explained, trying to keep track of her in the crowd, "is the sort of woman who might turn up any minute in the desert, riding a camel and telling the Arabs how to run themselves."

Do Hot Pavements make your Feet... BURN and SWELL?

Here's COOLING Relief!

When your feet burn like the mischief and feel tired and swollen after walking on hot pavements, remember this: fatigue acids have settled in the muscles and your circulation has lagged.

The thing to do for quick relief is splash your feet with Absorbine Jr.—*especially* around the ankles and soles where the larger blood vessels are situated. Almost at once, they will feel cooler and refreshed. The burning eases. Swelling reduces.

Absorbine Jr. relieves burning feet in two ways. First, it c-o-o-l-s away that fiery, hot feeling. Second, it speeds the blood through the foot muscles. Fatigue acids that cause the swelling are carried away. No need of soaking or rubbing when you splash on plenty of Absorbine Jr.

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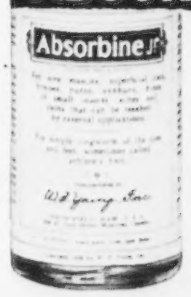

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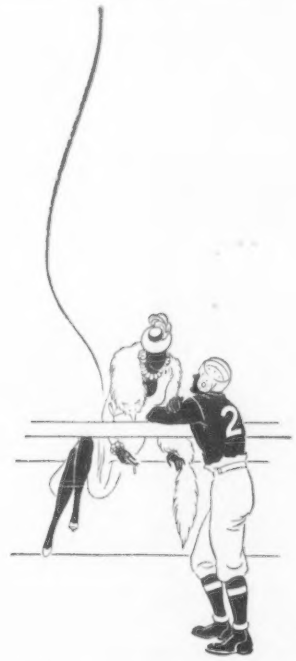

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Look and Act full of vigor and fun—but with some reserve. At this age you're gunning for the best man or the best job you can get. Right? Admit it to yourself but guard it with seven deadly oaths from the other sex. Make-up carefully, watch for eye-crinkles and first signs of chin or neck lines, and use a gentle massage and nourishing cream.

THIRTY TO FORTY

Wear smart lingerie, on the tailored side as you get older. Stop getting shoes, hats, frocks that are too exaggerated. Lengthen your suit jacket (they're coming down for next season anyway) and your skirts a bit. Subdue your stockings as to color but wear them beautifully sheer in the evening. Begin to watch your lines with clever cunning. Get your clothes big enough, buy your girdle and brassiere, or one-piece garment, with great care. Tucks, shirring, pleating, gathers will give you softness where your own lines are beginning to thicken or blur ever so slightly. Buy shoes made on lovely lines (you should be able to spend more on them now)—pumps with high heels for evening, lovely walking shoes for daytime. Get simple things, with gay accents in your accessories—wear a single flower or ornament or best of all, a striking choker and bracelet to match your street clothes. Get that black dress very, very smart and slick looking. Pay less attention to dancing frocks and more to dinner gowns. concert and theatre wear. See that you have a very smart evening wrap—a little piqué jacket won't do any more. Spend your all for furs and instead of getting hats that are all cockeyed, buy one or two really good models with ornaments or feathers. And this year they should be in one color, or, at most, two. Get large interesting patterns in your evening gowns if you're slim enough.

Look and Act youthful, but not kittenish. Be intelligent with men as well as alluring. Be companionable as well as desirable (if you can)! Look striking in two or three outfits instead of having a lot of patched-up pieces. Leave the mixed sports clothes to the youngsters, unless you're very clever at it. Get a really good scarf for your suit, a particularly lovely bag for evening, soft pouches for afternoon and plenty of good gloves. Think at length on richer fabrics, velvets, soft hanging woollens. Never mind the stiff or shiny things.

Avoid too much or too little make-up, "letting yourself go" (now is the time for beauty parlor care, well cut hair, the best permanents, care for your locks if you're greying, slimming exercises and massages.)

Definitely say good-by to long bobs and cascades of curls. Flowers and bows in your hair, novelty clothes and shoes.

FROM FORTY ON

Wear one outfit chosen with the greatest care, rather than two or three. White touches with black and navy. More softness and dressmaker lines than strict tailoring. Rich purples, and wine shades with your greying or grey hair.

The best corseting you can afford. Simple but exquisitely made lingerie. Good shoes that are comfortable, too. Soft lines in your dresses, well fitted coats and frocks, with longer sleeves, smart hats with fitted crowns and good looking trimming, good jewellery, button earrings with your street clothes if your coiffure is smart, deep soft colors in your evening and afternoon clothes, well fitted.

Look and Act charming and poised and at peace with the world. Keep your hair and hands better than you ever have before. Never mind too energetic sports, but keep up your golf and bowling. Have some soft looking negligees or frocks for wear at home. Be tailored if you go to business, with soft touches as to collar, blouse, and other accessories. ☆

Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 7

big enough to hide our Bert," he said. "He'd be preaching at someone from the top of it."

But he didn't look too cheerful. He pushed his way to Biff-Janey's side and put a small white package in her hand.

"It's for you," he said. "Open it after you sail."

She kissed him too and straightened his necktie and buttoned up the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Cheer up, Frank."

"I'm all right," he said smiling.

"I don't want to go either. Not now. I feel like crying like a baby. But I'm tired, Frank. Reckon I ought to see a bit of the world whilst there's summat left of it. And I've worked hard, haven't I?"

"You bet," he said.

"And I've got to find Bert. Ma won't own up to it. But it's breaking her heart—she wants him home—"

"I know that too." He said quietly.

"Keep an eye on her, won't you?"

"You bet," he said again, not so steadily.

"Got to be going, children!"

They carried her with them down the narrow passage to the stage door and out through the joyfully yelling crowd to the Rolls Royce. Mrs. Janeway and Frank were pushed to the rear of the procession. He stayed by her though she knew where he wanted to be. And she clung gratefully to him. He was like her own son—a son after her own heart. Not like poor misguided Bert. Suddenly, indignantly she found that she was crying.

"MOTHER," David explained, trying to keep track of her in the crowd, "is the sort of woman who might turn up any minute in the desert, riding a camel and telling the Arabs how to run themselves."

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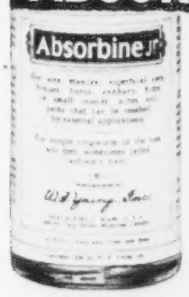

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a discreet formula. But after five minutes in which nothing happened and no one had even moved he became aware that it was the little Chinese woman who was holding them all up. She was talking rapidly in an English so perfect that it sounded like a foreign language. And not even the obstructed passengers seemed to be annoyed with her. They watched and listened with a sort of benign interest as though she were a charming bird that had learned to sing like a human being. And the purser was kind and distressed.

"But Madame—" he said, "there's nothing I can do—"

"But surely you can. This is such a big ship and I am not big at all—"

Which was so true that the worried purser smiled.

"Anything wrong?" somebody asked

David recognized the voice at once. It seemed there was no escape from it. He turned involuntarily. She was standing next to him and deliberately, a little ostentatiously he made way for her. She did not notice him at all. Her arms were full of flowers. Her beret had taken on a rakish angle. She looked flushed and jolly. Really, she should have been wearing clogs and a shawl over her shoulders. The expensive clothes were like a fancy dress on her. And yet she carried them well—like a happy, unselfconscious child. "Anything I can do?" she asked.

It was as though a spotlight had been turned on her. Everyone else seemed to fade into shadow. The purser grew almost youthful in his eagerness.

"I don't think anyone can help, Miss Janeway. Madame Li has unexpectedly received an urgent summons home. The Company gave her a passage on the chance that she might pick up a last-minute cancellation. Or perhaps some lady would share a cabin with her. Unfortunately there is no one—"

The Chinese woman made a little fluttering movement with her hands.

"I must go," she said. "Help me."

Miss Janeway dropped a bunch of roses. They fell at David's feet and he had no option but to pick them up and give them to her. She thanked him nicely but casually. He saw that the two women were looking at each other with a grave intentness. And that somehow they seemed less strangely different.

"Well—" Miss Janeway said. "I'm not a lady. But I have a cabin. And it's big enough for ten of us—"

"In that case," the relieved purser said — "if Miss Janeway is kind enough—"

THE CHINESE woman bowed deeply. Everyone seemed pleased. It was as though some sort of friendly unity had been established between them all. A fire had been lighted at which they could warm their hands and rest their irritations and impatiences. They would never be quite strangers to each other again. A little crowd of people who obviously weren't travellers joined them. They were quiet enough now. The ship seemed to have daunted them, made them shy. They stood round Biff-Janey like hungry squirrels —eager for something that she could give them. A young hot-cheeked girl thrust an autograph book toward her —and she seemed pleased and actually touched and astonished.

"Fancy anyone wanting me to write my name!" she said. She laughed. "I had a schoolteacher once. She thought I'd never be able to write at all."

They laughed with her. She seemed to have the power to make them laugh. It didn't matter what she said. And when she moved away they followed—still with the same timid, dogged persistence. She took Madame Li with her. She had her arm over the little Chinese woman's shoulder. "She's a friend of mine," David heard her explain. "We're travelling together."

Then quiet descended. Life became normal and rather dull. The passengers received proper attention. And David Gretorex wrote out his telegram. "Arrived safely Southampton. All well. Love." It was an idiotic effort. Not in the least what he intended. But perhaps Elinor would read between the lines.

The assistant purser looked up at him.

"Mr. David Gretorex? I have a message for you, sir. The Captain's compliments. And he requests the pleasure of your company at his table. He told me to tell you that he and your father had been to school together."

David felt pleased and comforted. After all Eton and Balliol and Longspere were standing by. Perhaps they always would.

"Thanks. Please tell the Captain—"

The purser liked nice good-looking young people. Besides it was his business to make the passengers happy.

"You'll have a treat, Mr. Gretorex. Miss Janeway is one of the Captain's other guests—'

Someone at David's elbow chuckled.

"You're darned lucky, young fellow—"

David started slightly and turned and saw a big blue-jowelled rather too well-dressed man grinning at him. He recognized him at once. So that was the way of it. He was one of those unpleasant elderly Don Juans, trailing after his latest fancy. And probably she liked it. There were no end to the rotten and disgraceful probabilities. David felt himself blushing again—with sheer disgust.

But he paid calmly for his telegram.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Give the Captain my thanks and regrets. But I prefer to sit alone."

The purser opened his mouth and for a minute forgot to close it. He looked at the blue-jowelled man as though for help and the latter laughed noiselessly and shrugged his big shoulders. It was as though he knew something about the incident which no one else knew.

"You're sure, sir?"

"Quite, thank you."

The purser stared after the broad uncompromising shoulders. He had the shocked bewildered air of a man under whose feet the firm familiar earth has slightly but ominously quivered.

"SOUNDS LIKE th' poor lass were calling for her owld man," Biff-Janey said.

Her voice carried to the limits of the ship's dining room in which the guests and stewards seemed to float dimly like fish in an aquarium. At regular intervals S.S. *Siren's* foghorn boomed with a lugubrious insistence that had been menacing and now became merely funny. The honest ship, scarcely under weigh in the thick of the Channel traffic, had been turned into a beshawled virago scouring the streets of a Lancashire mill town on a Saturday night. A voice, appropriately blurred, sounded in the far distance.

"That's him," Biff-Janey said. "Half sea's over and running for his life."

Laughter spread from the Captain's table like a ribald infection. David wondered what the captain, if he hadn't been on the bridge, would have thought of it all, and whether Sir James Ashley, High Commissioner to somewhere or other in South Africa, was really so amused. The big, blue-jowelled man who, as David knew now, was not an ex-prizefighter but Mr. Samuel Findlater, an American millionaire, threw himself back in his chair and roared like a schoolboy. There were two other men at the table and the Chinese woman who looked gently puzzled, but not shocked. Of course she was under an obligation. Whatever she felt she wouldn't show it.

David sat alone and disregarded at a side-table. He was under no illusions. He was in disgrace. The Captain had passed him that morning on deck without a glance. Probably he thought him an ill-mannered, ungracious young cub. Or there was a further probability, no more comforting, that the Captain hadn't thought of him at all. Anyway David was certain that he couldn't have acted differently. He could never have written to Elinor in his first letter that he had deliberately agreed to share his meals for three weeks with that girl. Elinor had called her awful. And there was no doubt that her very dress—something red, and non-existent at the back—was a defiance to everything that Elinor stood for.

Undeniably, too, it was an attractive back. It seemed to have a joy of life all of its own. It gave you the feeling that it would always make the best of things and even have a good time out of them. It was, David admitted unwillingly, a reassuring back.

But Elinor would never have understood. It was the sort of thing you could never explain to anyone in a letter.

For some obscure reason he ordered champagne. He hated it. And if he was going to live on the salary provided by the Anglo-Sino Company he couldn't afford it. And Walters, his steward, seemed neither pleased nor impressed. He even poured the stuff into the wrong glass.

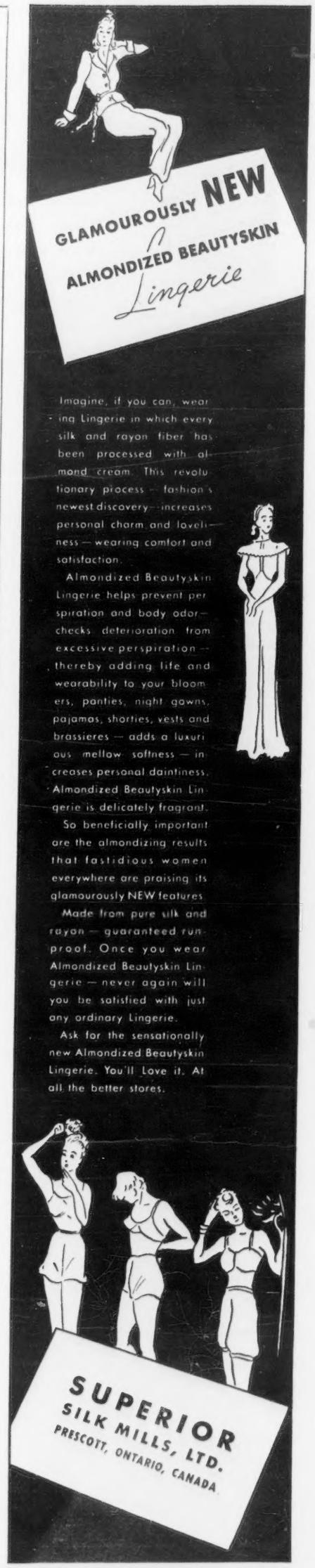
"Sorry, sir. Don't seem to 'ave me wits about me. It's that Miss Janeway, sir. She's a fair scream."

"I don't see that she's so funny" David said.

"Oh, it's not wot she says, sir. It's the way she says it. It ain't wot I'd call the King's English. But it makes me laff meself sick—"

David left the champagne and the dessert. He retired to the lounge with an imposing sheaf of papers relating to the activities of the Anglo-Sino Company. They seemed very involved. Or perhaps he couldn't give his mind to them. A crowd of belated diners streamed past him into the smoke room. Though one of them seemed to stumble deliberately over his feet he refused to look up. A wave of strong disturbing scent broke over his head and rolled on, leaving him curiously short of breath.

A piano tinkled. The ship's orchestra, involved in an unequal struggle



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too busy keeping Longspere for David, scrimping here and saving there, roofing farms that didn't pay rent and breeding prize cattle that somehow never got the prizes. That was one reason why she had wanted David to have this chance. Now she wondered if it were a chance. Shanghai might be the gayest, wickedest city in the world. She doubted if David would even know it. For she had caught a glimpse of his flushed indignant face. And at last she recognized what had been eluding and troubling her for years—the dread that by some inexplicable biological mixup she and Hedgey had produced a Prig.

"I suppose," Elinor said, "she's going to join one of those dance halls—"

"She won't bother me, whatever she does," David retorted. He laughed. "I daresay the sea will manage her."

Mrs. Janeway tugged at her daughter's skirt.

"Janey—"

"Yes, Ma."

"If thee and Bert meet up—" Mrs. Janeway's voice cracked in its effort to rise above the tumult—"tell him about th' unveiling. T'isn't right Jeremy's son shouldn't be there. Tell him I'll let bygones be bygones."

Biff-Janey bent over and kissed her mother.

A whistle sounded.

"All aboard, please!"

A big man who in spite of a July night had his coat collar turned up about his ears pushed his way down the corridor to a reserved carriage. He slammed the door and jerked down all the blinds. He mopped himself. His blue-jowelled prize-fighter's face had an aghast look as though something had badly frightned him.

"Now then, let's give her a good 'un!"

The crowd cheered.

David kissed his mother.

"David, dear, do keep an eye on those Anglo-Sino people, won't you? I know they make a lot of money. But I've never really liked them—"

"All right, Mother. Don't worry."

"And whatever else you do—have a good time."

Last of all he kissed Elinor. She wouldn't mind. Nobody even looked at them. Her soft brown eyes lifted to his seemed a little dim.

"Come back—just as you are."

"Stay—just as you are," he smiled at her.

"Now then, sir. All aboard, please—"

"It's only for a year. It will go so fast," she smiled back bravely. "And we shall still be very young."

David and his father shook hands. The old boy seemed oddly upset.

"Listen, Davey, don't worry too much about business. I don't. And if you need more money—thank heaven we have it now—don't spoil the ship for a pen'noth of tar."

"I shall manage on my salary," David said—"splendidly."

His father shook his head, almost as though he were disappointed. Nobody, David reflected, except Elinor by implication, asked him to behave himself.

The train began to slide out with snakelike purposefulness. Faces became blurred with the gathering momentum. David's was calm and smiling. The Chinese woman at a third-class window made a little restrained gesture of farewell and the Chinese boy bowed to her. From behind a drawn blind the big man took a last anxious look at the receding platform.

"Come back to us soon, Biff!"

They swept the Chinese boy out of their path, running alongside the carriage window. By some odd chance Lady Flavia caught Biff-Janey's eye and moved by an even odder impulse, she waved.

"Chins up!" Biff-Janey called to them all. But, it was as though she had spoken to Lady Flavia direct. Mrs. Janeway, who wasn't seeing very clearly, stumbled back on Lady Flavia's toes.

"Sorry—I'm sure."

"Don't mention it. I feel like that myself."

The two women exchanged watery, uncertain smiles.

Elinor took her father's arm. She was very near to tears too. The whole leavetaking which should have been lovely to remember had degenerated into a noisy farce.

"Let's get away, darling—please," she said.

AT THE docks tumult broke loose again. It seemed, as an excited breathless steward gratuitously informed David, that Miss Janeway was popular in Southampton. She had played at the local theatre for a week and as a result a large and very noisy crowd had come to see her off. Their unrestrained presence added to the normal confusion of departure.

It all proved that Sir George was right. The People were stupid and quite unfit to govern. One of England's greatest statesmen might be on board and no one would take the slightest notice of him. He'd be lucky if he got a Guard of Honor. But for a crude, vulgar comedian a whole city would stand indecorously on its head.

David found his way unaided to his stateroom.

He felt tired and homesick. And somehow the noisy welcoming crowd added to his forlornness. Nobody cared what he felt. It was like his first night at Eton when everybody had seemed to be friends with everyone. And nobody unpopular but himself. And after all, he was still young and this was another big adventure. It was no use pretending that it wasn't. Eton and Balliol and even Longspere were already a long way off. When the ship moved he'd be irrevocably cut loose from them. Until now they'd always been there, upholding and reassuring him. Now he'd have to stand on his own feet. Whatever he did it would be David Gretorex doing it. And he didn't feel so sure that he knew who David Gretorex was or what he would do.

Finally he went up to the purser's office. He thought if he sent Elinor a telegram he would feel more real. After all he was in love—much more in love than he had been that morning—and there were a great many things that he might have said—impetuous, lover-like things that never seemed in quite good taste when he was with her and which in a telegram would require a lot of thought. Fortunately there was already a crowd outside the purser's office. So that he had time to work out

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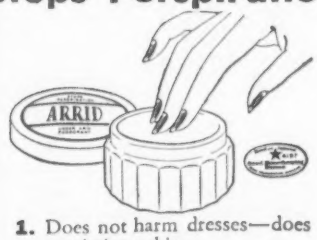

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YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING, DECORATING AND FURNISHING

Remodelling Bedrooms

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

WOMEN in the home, as men in their business, demand smooth-running facilities, with a minimum amount of labor in doing their job. Consequently, old fashioned, oversized and inconvenient bedrooms are passé today.

Here are two examples showing what can be done if you feel the same way about bedrooms as I do.

The first scheme (right on plan) is a bedroom twenty to twenty-four feet long remodelled by cutting six feet off one end (which still leaves a room fourteen to eighteen feet long). The space cut off is for the purpose of providing bathroom and dressing room accommodation, the advantages of which are obvious.

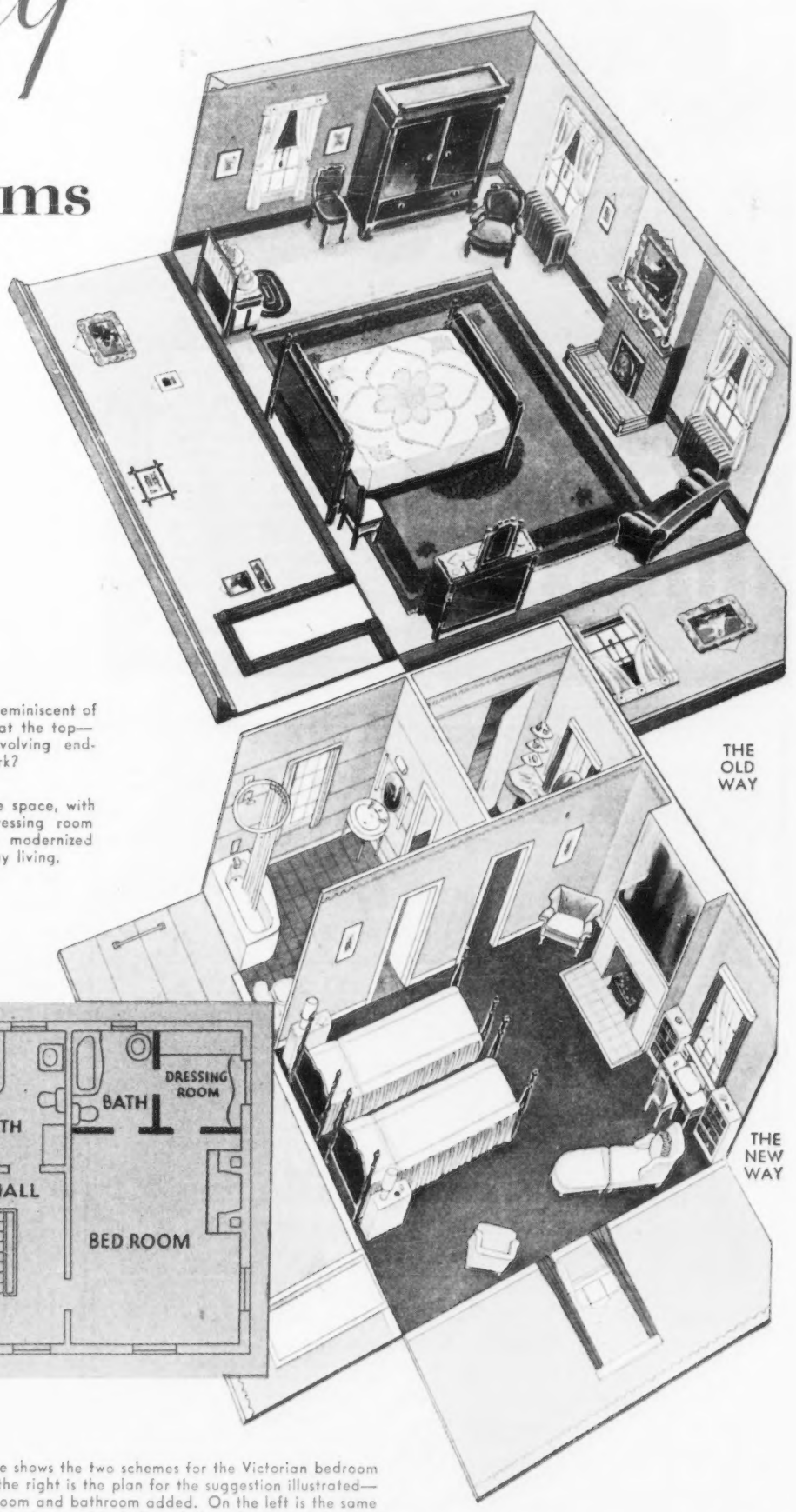
When staying at a hotel, the first thing you ask for is a room with private bath and toilet facilities. So, if your bank account can stand the strain, why not have the same convenience at home? Incidentally, improvements such as these can be arranged for under the provisions of the Home Improvement Loan Act.

Most of us remember the solid mahogany, maple or oak chests of drawers, dress cupboards and washstands, with their double set of toiletware in our parents' bedrooms. No wonder "mother's hair went grey." The amount of polishing and washing in such bedrooms must have been heartbreaking.

With a dressing room like that shown, fitted with dressing table, convenient shelves, drawers, built-in clothes closets and full-length mirrors on the inside of doors, the lot of the woman of the house is a happy one to be compared with that of her grandmother.

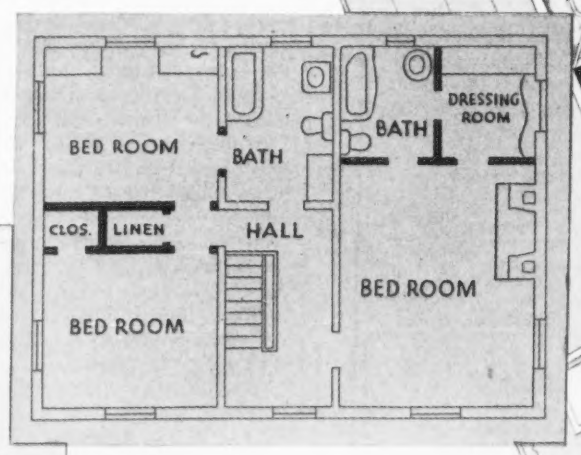
THE OTHER scheme (left on plan) starts off with a similar oversized bedroom, and is remodelled for the purpose of providing separate accommodation for two members of the family. Maybe mother and father, son and daughter, or guests.

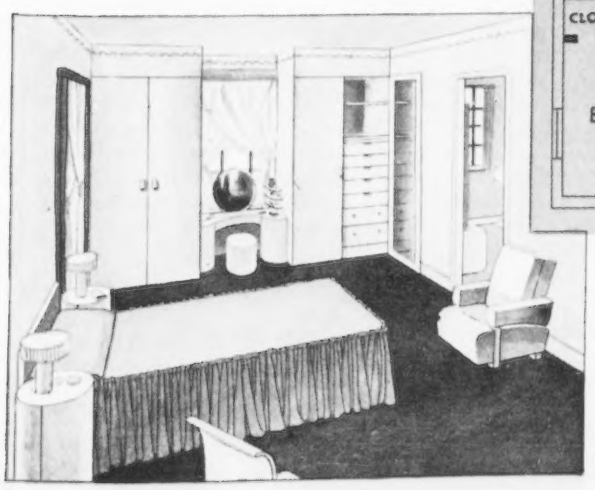
These two bedrooms ☆ *Continued on page 50*



Is your bedroom reminiscent of the one sketched at the top—oversized and involving endless work?

See how the same space, with bathroom and dressing room included, can be modernized for present-day living.





The plan above shows the two schemes for the Victorian bedroom problem. On the right is the plan for the suggestion illustrated—with dressing room and bathroom added. On the left is the same room divided into two, and including clothes closets and dressing table alcove in one room—sketched at the left.

Illustrated by William Midgely

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with that husky, low-pitched voice, gave up. They grinned at each other. The voice had a carrying authoritative quality. In spite of himself David didn't miss a word.

"Come in out of the wet, lad,
And if thee don't like the lights about,
Thee can turn them out—"

The lounge steward was pouring coffee.

"Wouldn't you like to take it in the smoke-room, sir? Miss Janeway is singing."

"Thanks. I'm quite comfortable where I am."

He could feel the dazed stare. The man evidently thought there was something queer about him. It was just as Elinor had said. She was poisoning the whole journey. She had already made him ridiculous. Though the lounge was practically empty he felt he had to escape from it and be alone. He went out on deck.

It was lonely enough. And very depressing. Swathes of fog like miserable damp ghosts drifted through the ship's lights. S.S. *Siren* was booming at shorter intervals. A melancholy, ominous sound. They must be passing Land's End. If he could have caught a glimpse of that heroic coast line he might have felt better. Last August the Gretorex and Reeves families had shared a cottage at St. Meryn. It had been a lovely summer. David and Elinor had gone picnicking and bathing together and it was in that time that David had realized how lovely Elinor was and how perfectly they agreed about the important things in life. And that she had a superb young figure. But he had never told her so. It was one of the things, he knew, that you instinctively didn't tell her.

SOMEONE HAD come out on deck. She stood beside him, leaning against the rail. He knew who it was without looking at her. But he had to look. Women like that made you—they don't care how. Though it was cold and damp she had no wrap over her bare shoulders. She was smiling at him with a serene good humor.

"Hullo!" she said.

He had no idea what to answer. Fortunately she didn't wait for him. "It was getting too hot in there," she explained. "I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?"

"I daresay."

"I remember. It was some weeks ago. You were in the second row of the stalls. We swapped grins over the footlights."

"I didn't."

"You didn't grin?"

"Not at you."

"Just grinning at nowt!" she reflected with good-humored mockery.

He had already noticed that when she chose she could talk normal English. But when she wanted to make people laugh or when she was very much in earnest she dropped into her comic native dialect. He even had an idea that she knew that it annoyed him. "You don't have to be ashamed, lad," she said. "Lots of nice young man grin at me."

"I've no doubt."

"And send me orchids."

"Probably."

"Did you send me orchids?"

"Do I look the kind to send you orchids?" he asked back with sarcasm.

She considered him favorably.

"Reckon you do."

"Well, I didn't."

"All right. I wouldn't have blamed you." He suspected that she didn't believe him. "Somebody keeps sending me orchids anyway," she said. "They'd be hanging on the North Pole if I went there." She added rather wistfully, "I don't really like them much. But I'd like to thank someone."

"Don't thank me—"

"I won't," she agreed amiably.

He had been rude in a cool polite way which she probably didn't recognize, for she continued to stand beside him, oblivious to threats of pneumonia and intentionally rude young man.

"Well," she said, "you never can tell what people will do—not by the look of them. Take Madame Li, for instance. Guess what she's up to?"

"I couldn't."

"She's going back to China to fight. Her husband used to be a bandit. He's a Chinese brass hat now and she and her brother have been buying guns and airplanes to help him lick the Japs. She flies an airplane herself. Her real name is Li Ai Chu T'a T'ai. It means Madame She - Who - Loves - Pearls. Pretty isn't it?"

"But not accurate," David remarked.

"No—it ought to be airplanes, oughtn't it? Her brother's called Blast-From-Heaven. I saw him at the station. Rather a small blast. But size isn't everything. Take Ma now. She's little too. But you can't keep her out of a scrap. Reckon all we Janeways are like that."

He tried to show by his silence that he didn't care what the Janeways were like.

"Even Bert," she said. "Bert's my brother. Madame Li has promised to help me find him—"

"Why? Is he lost?"

"Well, probably he doesn't think so. But Ma does. She won't own up. But she's breaking her heart over him. That's why I'm going to China—" He stubbornly suppressed another question and she seemed to think he was offended. "There!" she said. "Talking all about myself! And I bet you've got a funny reason for going too—"

"I wouldn't call it in the least funny," he said. Then suddenly he felt stupid and ashamed. After all she had shown a belated interest in him. "I'm going on business," he said stiffly.

"I thought you were a lord or something."

"My father is. He's in business too—"

"Do lords understand business?"

"Not specially." The thought of Hedgey as chairman of anything but the local hunt committee jerked a chuckle out of him. "They also serve," he said for his own amusement, "who only stand round and look ornamental."

"That's Milton, isn't it?"

If she had broken out into Latin he would not have been more disconcerted.

"A—a bit of it," he stammered.

"I like poetry," she said. "I used to read a lot of it when I was a kid. But afterward I didn't have time. I was working in the mills and singing and

☆ *Continued on page 60*

PERKY BLUE and white bed ticking makes a charming curtain arrangement against off-white or chalk used for the walls.

☆☆

A house on a sloping site affords splendid opportunity for a bright, attractive laundry. An exterior door and a window above grade are often possible.

☆☆

Remember there are three important rules in the art of interior decoration for a home: Select colors that make the size of the room a forgotten issue; place furniture to allow free and easy movement; choose furniture of a scale proportionate with that of the room.

☆☆

To prevent white from rubbing off shoes, moisten the cleaner with milk instead of water. The shoes will keep clean twice as long.

☆☆

Objects of ivory become yellow from lack of sunlight. To restore the original lustre, moisten some whiting with a little lemon ice—made by adding a little lemon juice to crushed ice.

☆☆

In making an attic room livable, two things are essential: Ventilation and insulation from outside heat and cold.

☆☆

No water, alcohol, fruit juice or ink can stain a fabric impregnated with the new viscous wax. A demonstrator at the New York World's Fair shows you how liquids poured on the fabric run off without leaving a mark.

☆☆

Both gasoline and naphtha remove all the essential fats in leather, leaving it dry and harsh.

☆☆

Never dry a leather garment by artificial heat. Ordinary room temperature is the best. Do not hang or lay a leather garment over a radiator.

☆☆

Lumiline bulbs, those long thin bulbs, can easily be concealed in shallow coves above windows. They give a most pleasing type of illumination.

☆☆

For a colonial room, a brown rug, with floral design typical of hooked rugs, is excellent.

☆☆

Do not be afraid to use a hand-hooked rug in a bedroom; Her Excellency Lady Tweedsmuir has one in hers.

☆☆

To remove water stains from a porcelain wash basin, rub the stains with a mixture of scratchless scouring powder and kerosene. If this fails, make a solution of about two tablespoonfuls of Javelle water in a basin of water and leave it in the basin overnight.

☆☆

To remove the grey film from a polished wood table, wipe with a mixture of a tablespoonful of cider vinegar and a quart of tepid water. Rub this on with a soft cloth in the direction of the grain, after which wipe the wood dry.

☆☆

Vaseline will preserve the lustre of patent leather shoes and purses.

☆☆

A sponge rubber brush will remove surface dirt from suede and bring up the nap.

☆☆

The acme of economical material for draperies and cushion covers is ordinary everyday flannelette. It launders well.

☆☆

Fussy, frilly curtains are "not at home" in a room that has nice old pieces of furniture.

☆☆

New uses for leather include door covering, strips laced basketwise for furniture seats and backs, cushion upholstery and bedspreads.

☆☆

To freshen up a room economically, use wall slip covers. One wall out of the four is enough and forms a good contrast in the room. The length of fabric should be matched, sewed together and hemmed. Sew metal eyelets in both top and bottom hems, spaced about twelve inches apart. Insert screw eyes immediately below ceiling cornice and above baseboard. Lace cord through each screw eye and metal eyelet and then tie with a small bow.

☆☆

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This delightful grouping is accentuated with dusty blue walls, blue and grey upholstery, dark burgundy rug, and grey drapes with soft blue trimmings.

Color Harmonies

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THERE ARE a number of readers who seem to be in doubt as to the correct colors to use when planning new decorations for their homes.

Some wish to build up from the colors of the walls, or maybe to blend with a newly purchased rug, while others desire to make the drapes and upholstered furniture the base for the new decoration scheme.

Doubt as to the correct thing to do can be laid to rest, if it is understood at the outset that there are certain colors which will blend with almost any other tint and, at the same time, provide contrast and accents which are always necessary to attain good results in any decoration scheme.

Here are a few examples of what can be done. Walls, beige; upholstery, shell pink; draperies, chintz with shell pink and burgundy; floors, burgundy with grey-white accents.

Walls, warm cream; upholstery, soft blue-green and white. Draperies, white with yellow dots; floors, soft blue-green.

If you wish to retain the present floor covering, here are three schemes which would give you desirable results.

Floor, brown; walls, greyish yellow; upholstery, yellow, beige and green. Draperies, off-white and beige, accented in terra cotta.

Floor, dark blue; walls, striped wallpaper in tones of light blue, medium blue and white. Upholstery, wine and white; draperies, white with wine trimmings.

Floor, ivy green; walls, beige; upholstery, beige of wall, and chintz with dark and light green floral design. Draperies same chintz as upholstery, using black as an accent.

To plan a color scheme around upholstery, adopt one of the following motifs.

Upholstery, light tan; walls, soft light claret; draperies, striped in tones of old red, beige and white. Floors, deep claret with touches of copper.

Upholstery, blue and grey; walls, dusty blue; draperies, grey with soft blue trimmings. Floor, dark burgundy.

But perhaps the draperies you have make a strong appeal and you wish to retain them, and, therefore, to make them a base for the new decoration scheme. Very well, adopt one of these two ideas.

Draperies, chintz in green, blue and soft red; walls, ivory white. Upholstery, dark green and white; floor, light green. Flicks of yellow in the design will give a zip to a scheme of this character.

Draperies, yellow; walls, pale turquoise blue; upholstery, golden yellow and white. Floors, dark turquoise, with white accents here and there in the different materials. ☆

☆☆

The House Clinic is conducted by Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., and any readers who have decorating or remodelling problems are invited to send them to: The House Clinic, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Detailed Costs for a Small House

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THE ANSWER to the question as to whether a house with accommodation for a small family can be built for $2,500, including architect's fees and lot, is, yes.

This house is a good example of the value you can get for your money.

It is built on a thirty-foot lot just outside the city limits of Toronto. Outside dimensions are twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet. Accommodation includes living-dining room, two bedrooms, kitchen, three-piece equipment bathroom, and basement. The closet opening off the dinette serves as a clothes closet, with a mirror fixed on the back of the door for anyone sleeping in the living room.

The service entrance for kitchen and basement is the acme of convenience.

Foundation walls are constructed of concrete blocks and basement floor is in concrete, both of which are waterproof.

Exterior walls are constructed of clapboard upon tongued and grooved wood sheathing laid diagonally on wood studs and insulated. Plasterboard has moisture-resistant barrier of aluminum foil.

Exterior painted, interior plaster unpainted but wood trim painted.

Floors are of red oak in all rooms except kitchen and bathroom, which are covered with linoleum on pine flooring. Gypsum with aluminum foil backing is placed under floor joists over unexcavated portion of basement.

Roof is shingled and stained. Plumbing consists of high-class equipment. Heating system, warm air. Gas fuel for kitchen stove.

Detailed Cost:

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Cost of construction:	
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Plastering	95.00
Lumber	675.00
Carpenter, labor and builders' profits	324.00
Septic tank, cellar floor and footings	185.00
Painting	125.00
Walks	15.00
Furnace, tinsmithing and waterproofing	130.00
Glass, glazing, hardware	60.00
Permit and water connection	36.00
Lathing	90.00
Wiring	48.00
Plumbing	240.00
Grading	35.00
Making a total in all of	$2,500.00

With a fully excavated basement and walls of brick, total cost would be $2,735. ☆

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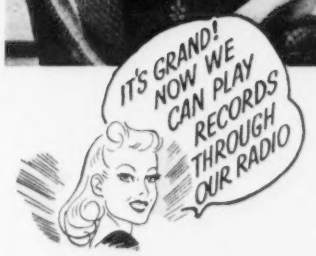

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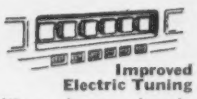

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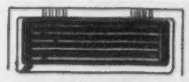

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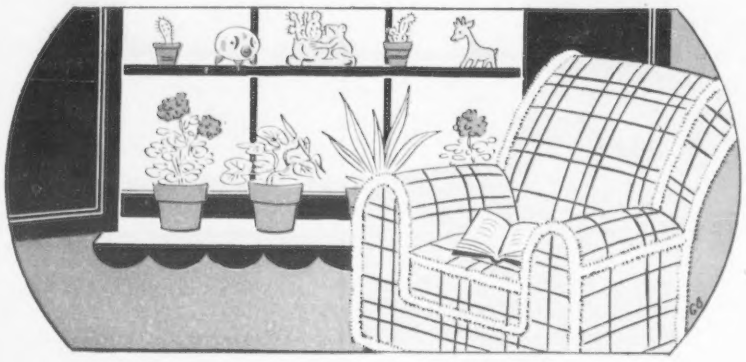

THE HOUSE CLINIC

Conducted by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

Question—Would you be good enough to send me some ideas in furnishing a small bedroom with a window and a door at opposite ends facing east. A clothes closet cuts across the northeast corner. I had thought of using yellow and white with rust upholstery. Do you think this could be done with good effect?

Answer—Paper the walls with horizontal yellow and white striped paper; this would help to increase the size of room. The woodwork old ivory finish, window cream Venetian blind, furniture as described on page 58 of the February *Chatelaine*. Rust upholstery, I am afraid, would not give enough color, whereas printed linen or chintz of orange, rose and light blue would.

☆☆

Question—I have scraped a maple table and would like you to tell me how I should finish it. Will two coats of shellac be necessary? Should I use the white, and how many coats of varnish, how long it takes for each to dry, and any other suggestions you can give me? I intend to touch it up with enamel, or should I use paint?

Answer—Give the maple table two coats of shellac, and sandpaper the surface before applying two coats of clear white varnish. Allow forty-eight hours between each coat of varnish and sandpaper with No. 6-0 sandpaper between each coat. To touch up legs and edging, use high-class furniture enamel.

☆☆

Question—I wish to change my dining room into a sitting room and dining room. Our house is the average six-roomed city house, and family of two sons and one daughter. I want the room cosy. I have three upholstered chairs and two reception chairs, but could manage with less. I thought I might sell my dining room suite. The room is papered in a floral design with blue touches. I will need a new floor covering — a linoleum rug with new curtains and drapes.

Answer—I would advise that you sell your dining-room suite and purchase a gateleg table to seat eight, with moderate-priced chairs of plain design. The floor can be covered with a new plain linoleum rug not overburdened with design. Repp for slip covers is most effective, and you could get variation by having one of them in printed linen with a cream background. To lighten the room, have it all, including door, trim, and baseboard, painted a French blue-grey. This color is most successful for rooms with a southern exposure. If the drapes were of bright foliage or bird plumage in printed linen, and the glass curtains of Tuscan net, the scheme would be most acceptable.

☆☆

Question—I want to redecorate two bedrooms. One is a northwest room with two windows, facing north and west. Woodwork is enamelled "off-white," and I have new voile glass curtains of oyster shade. The wallpaper is apricot shade of stripes design: furniture, walnut. What colors and materials would you suggest for side drapes for windows, bedspread and floor covering?

The other room has a northeast aspect with two windows facing north and east. The paper is of a lightish blue and white. Woodwork is enamelled "off-white." Furniture, ivory; glass curtains of voile in oyster shade. The bedspread is a dusty rose chenille.

Answer—Monk's cloth dyed orange would be most suitable for drapes, which should be floor length; bedspread of hand-blocked printed linen with design in lemon, orange and dark blue violet; carpet, a jade broadloom over the whole of the floor. This scheme would give a very nice color symphony for the northwest room.

For the northeast room use drapes of dusty rose repp, floor length; and grey taupe broadloom carpet over the whole of the floor. Such a scheme would blend with the colors you already have in the room. ☆

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Here's one of the first advertisements ever run for Sani-Flush. After 27 years, it is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores. 15c and 30c sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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Some Like Them Hot and . .

Many occasions call for a hot dessert to round out the other courses and end on a high note

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

A GOOD meal provides gradations of temperature as well as different but harmonizing flavors, contrasting textures and attractive color combinations. And for the same reason—to give that variety which keeps up interest to the last bite. You wouldn't think of having all your dishes taste or look alike, nor is it clever planning to stick too closely to the hot or cold theme.

Don't think, however, that hot desserts are limited to the follow up of a salad plate or that every piping main course must be counteracted with something chilly. Perhaps the appetizer gives you variation. Or maybe the weather demands that you fortify yourself against it. Some like them hot, irrespective, and often if the oven is "on" and can accommodate the pudding, the choice is based on economy.

There are many occasions when a hot dessert is the right and proper conclusion. But let it be one that fits in well with the rest of the meal, not just something tacked on to the end. If the other courses are hearty, the dessert may be light—and vice versa. A mild, bland flavor is appropriate after a run of highly seasoned dishes, while a touch of piquancy gives a needed flourish when the preliminaries are apt to be lacking in this quality.

Hot desserts are baked, steamed or cooked in a saucepan. Good old standbys—rice, bread and tapioca puddings—have the virtue of simplicity and nourishment and can be tops in deliciousness when well made. They have suffered at the hands of careless cooks who, in the matter of puddings, are stronger on repetition than reputation. But that doesn't prove a thing except the importance of the right technique. New recipes give a modern slant to these well-known dishes or, at least, a nip of novelty. That Orange Crumb Pudding uses buttermilk and lemon for tang, while molasses gives a sun-tanned complexion and a rich flavor to the rice dessert.

Now that we can look for crisp, cool evenings, the steamer becomes a popular utensil. It provides attractive molds which grace the table and cap a meal worthily. Try the Chocolate Pudding with its minted sauce, for there's a flavor combination to delight you. And don't pass up the marmalade mold when you want a simple, economical but intriguing climax. Other sweets from the steamer—all good—range from a plain cottage pudding to the rich fruit concoction borne to its place of honor enveloped in spirituous blue flames.

Luscious plums of the September season contribute their tartness to a hot baked roly-poly, while the juice provides the sauce for it. This would be grand after fish, pork or chicken, but is suitable, too, as a topper-offer in many other meals. Earlier fruits which have got in a jam are combined with fresh apples and bread crumbs in a pudding as delicious as it is wholesome and easy to make.

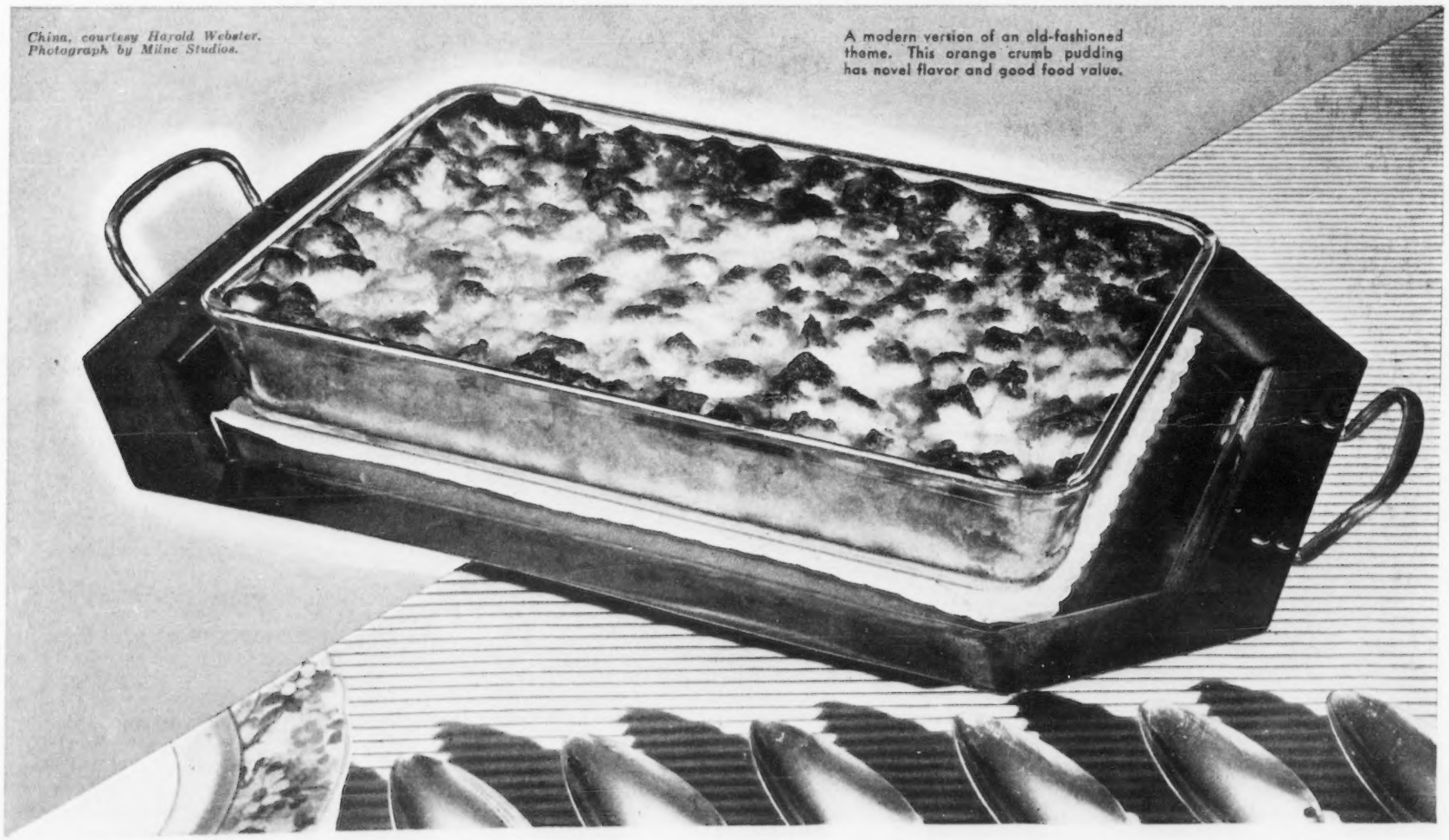
Desserts are part of the meal and should be selected accordingly. Then they help to carry out not only the nutritional but the flavor and temperature balance.

Orange Crumb Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

4 Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs or tiny cubes
3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
1½ Cupfuls of buttermilk
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Cupful of sugar
½ Cupful of orange juice
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
3 Tablespoonfuls of grated orange rind
½ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
1 Egg

Measure the soft bread crumbs into a bowl, pour over them the melted butter and the buttermilk. Allow to stand for ten minutes. Stir in the salt, sugar, orange and lemon juice, orange rind and vanilla. Lastly add the thoroughly beaten egg, ☆ *Continued on page 55*



China, courtesy Harold Webster. Photograph by Milne Studios.

A modern version of an old-fashioned theme. This orange crumb pudding has novel flavor and good food value.

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MADE IN CANADA

Remodelling Bedrooms

Continued from page 45

have built-in clothes closets fitted with shelves and mirrors, and in one room a dressing table ensemble arranged at window with shelves built in the recesses for toiletries.

One of these two bedrooms has a private entrance to the bathroom, the occupant of the other room entering it from staircase hall when it is disengaged.

The charm of this alteration is that the existing bathroom with its plumbing fixtures can be used, and the only structural alteration is a new doorway in the wall between bedroom and bathroom. The entrance from the staircase can remain as it is.

Before commencing either scheme, you should get a reputable builder to examine the floors, to ascertain whether reinforcement will be necessary to carry the extra load.

The floor of the new bathroom in the master suite must necessarily be of concrete, and the existing floor must be strengthened to carry the new partitions.

In the other scheme, where the bedroom is remodelled to provide two rooms, the bathroom remains as it is. But the existing floor of the bedroom may require to be strengthened, to support the partitions and clothes closets incidental to the alterations for making the two rooms.

THERE IS another very important point which should be considered and that is the plumbing—soil and waste pipes. If the new bathroom will be over the kitchen, the chances are that the plumbing problem can be easily solved, whereas, if such is not the case, it is not an insurmountable difficulty to run a new soil pipe and new waste pipes to the basement, connecting them up with the drain in the basement.

You can see how essential it is that before you do a thing, a good builder and a reliable plumber should be consulted, to avoid unnecessary grief when the job is halfway through.

The ceiling cornice of the room you wish to remodel should be removed and a flat fret design substituted.

The fireplace in the master suite scheme is remodelled—the brickwork covered with a heat-resistant material, mantel shelf removed and a mirror placed on the wall the full width of chimney breast, and extending from fireplace surround to ceiling. Also, a new hearth with hardwood curb is included.

The concrete floor in the new bathroom can be covered with linoleum, laid direct on the concrete with mastic. Covings of the same material for intersection of walls and floor and fixtures and floor, are most desirable.

The medicine cabinet in the bathroom can be built in the thickness of the partition, thus avoiding unnecessary projection from the wall.

The dressing room table ensembles in both schemes can be constructed of white pine and plywood — two pedestals with drawers and dressing table covered with polished mirror plate glass, edges polished and rounded. The wood shelves for windows are painted in keeping with the color scheme of the room.

LIGHTING IS another thing that should be very carefully considered. Flush panel and tubular lights are most suitable for schemes of this character.

Do not forget to have outlets installed in dressing room for curling irons and in bathroom for electric razor and sun lamp.

Outlets in bedrooms for dressing table, writing table, and bedside table lighting, as also chaise longue and chairs, are necessities. A night light in the base of wall in bathroom and bedrooms will prevent kicking one's shins and toes during the night.

The doors to dressing room and bathroom in all cases need not be wider than two feet four inches.

While on a job of this kind, modern bathroom equipment would pay hands down, and increase the value of the house when you want to sell it.

The bath with angular seat inside and with rounded edge on the front, also for sitting, is well worthy of consideration. The shower with circular curtains saves space and is quite convenient. Silent flush toilets avoid embarrassment, and chromium legs for lavatory basin are the last word for bathrooms.

The new partition and floor of bathroom should be soundproof and the thickness of partitions of minimum size. Assuming that you use two-inch by four-inch studs for partitions, it is advisable to fix them with the four-inch face flat. You can save two inches by doing so and still get a satisfactory job. The finish of the partitions on the bathroom side must be moisture-resistant, whereas the room side can be plastered, and painted or covered with wallpaper, depending upon the decoration scheme you decide on for the room.

The built-in fixtures, such as clothes closets and fitments in dressing room and dressing table alcove, should be of white pine and plywood. The inside of doors of clothes closets should be fitted with full-length mirrors and lighted automatically when opened.

SCHEMES FOR decorating and furnishing such bedrooms are many and varied. Here is one for the master suite with bathroom and dressing room: Jonquil yellow walls will give verve to the bedroom. Paint or paper is equally suitable, but if patterned paper is used, see that the yellow has generous background. The woodwork must be of the same shade — yellow — including doors, baseboards, trims, windows and bookcases.

The fireplace white, and hearth soft blue green. Window drapes and one easy chair covered with light cream crash and pine green pattern. Glass curtains, sheer marquisette or rayon. Chaise longue and second easy chair upholstered with mohair fabric of soft blue-green and white floral design. Chair for writing table, white leather.

Floor covering, all-over one-tone soft blue-green linoleum. Bed of mahogany finish and "Williamsburg" design.

Dressing room: Grey-green walls, painted or papered. All woodwork finished flat enamel, same color as

☆ *Continued on page 59*

Some Like Them Cold

Continued from page 52

Pecan Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

⅓ Cupful of butter
⅓ Cupful of sugar
2 Eggs
⅔ Cupful of corn syrup
⅓ Cupful of milk
⅔ Cupful of chopped pecans
½ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
Pastry

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light and fluffy. Add the beaten eggs and combine thoroughly. Add the corn syrup, milk, chopped nuts and flavoring, mix well and turn into a pie plate lined with pastry. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. Fahr.) for ten minutes, reduce the heat to 350 deg. Fahr. and continue cooking for about one-half hour or until the filling is set and the crust nicely browned. Cool and serve plain or topped with meringue and decorated with pecan halves.

Peach Snow

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Can of peaches (No. 2) or two cupfuls of stewed, fresh peaches (sweetened)
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
2½ Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
2 Egg whites
½ Cupful of whipping cream

Drain the peaches, force the fruit through a sieve and add the lemon juice. Heat the juice, stir in the cornstarch which has been mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until thick and clear. Continue cooking over low heat until no taste of raw starch remains. Add the strained peach pulp and allow the mixture to cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites then the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Turn into a cold, damp mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded, garnished with a few peach slices which were set aside before straining. Six servings.

Banana Cream Mold

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Tablespoonful of plain, unflavored gelatine
⅓ Cupful of cold water
1½ Cupfuls of banana pulp
1¼ Cupfuls of milk
3 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
½ Tablespoonful of lemon juice
3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey
Pinch of salt

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes and dissolve by placing over hot water. Mash bananas to a smooth creamy pulp; measure and add the milk, orange and lemon juice, sugar or honey and salt. Combine thoroughly add the dissolved gelatine and turn into a cold, damp mold. Chill until firm and serve as soon as unmolded with cream, plain or whipped. Six servings.

Dessert Tarts

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Make as many tart shells as required by shaping rich pastry over the outside of individual tart tins, pricking with a fork and baking in a hot oven (450 to 475 deg. Fahr.) until nicely browned (twelve to fifteen minutes). Fill some with Blueberry filling and others with Orange Cream filling.

Blueberry Filling

½ Cupful of sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
⅛ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Cupful of water
2 Cupfuls of blueberries
1½ Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
1 Tablespoonful of butter

Combine the sugar, flour and salt, add the water gradually, stirring until smooth, then combine with the blueberries. Cook, stirring gently until the mixture is thickened. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and butter and allow to cool. Turn into baked tart shells and when cold serve with whipped cream or ice cream. Eight tarts.

Cocoanut Orange Tarts

½ Cupful of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Cupful of boiling water
2 Egg yolks
½ Cupful of orange juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
1 Tablespoonful of grated orange rind
1 Tablespoonful of butter
1 Egg white, beaten

Meringue:
1 Egg white
2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
¾ Cupful of cocoanut

Combine the sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add the boiling water gradually, stirring constantly and cook until thick and smooth. Place over hot water and cook for ten minutes stirring occasionally. Combine a little of the hot mixture with the beaten egg yolks, return to the double boiler and cook for two minutes. Remove from the heat and add the orange and lemon juice, the orange rind and the butter. Cool and fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Turn into baked tart shells. Beat the other egg white until foamy, add the sugar and continue beating until the mixture will stand in peaks. Pile in the centre of the tarts and sprinkle with cocoanut. Bake in a slow oven (300 deg. Fahr.) until delicately browned. Eight to ten tarts.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE 206 WINNERS

of the FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast Contest FOR THE BEST RECIPES USING BAKERS' BREAD!

Congratulations to the thousands of women who sent in such splendid recipes using bakers' bread! Such a variety—main-course dishes and desserts—calling for white bread, brown bread, rye bread, raisin bread, sliced bread, toasted bread, bread cubes, bread crumbs! Entries were judged for originality, practicalness and good results. It was a pleasant, but not an easy task for the judges to select the 206 entries that best filled all requirements! We are happy to print the names of the winners below. Crisp new $5.00 bills have already been mailed them.

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Chilled desserts in any of their many forms and delicious flavors provide agreeable contrast after a hot main course

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

. . Some Like Them Cold

Shelley China, courtesy Harold Webster. Photograph by Milne Studios.

A tray of tarts for your buffet table. The cocoanut-orange have m eringue topping, and whipped cream may top the blueberry flavor.

IN FACT, everyone likes a chilled dessert, provided the other courses have not put undue emphasis on low temperature. Most dinners don't, and although their hotness doesn t make a cool ending obligatory, a little contrast is all to the good.

Other factors tip the scales in favor of a chilly climax. For instance, September often brings some sizzling days, when nothing else seems quite so appropriate. Then there are times in any season which call for minimum effort, especially at the last minute. And furthermore, their popularity makes them a frequent and happy choice.

On the score of convenience, you can't beat the simple dessert which requires no cooking, or can be prepared ahead of time. Fresh fruit is almost ready to serve, and canned varieties completely so. They can also be the starting point of many delicious concoctions and their variety of flavor eliminates any danger of monotony in the last course. So there's one possibility—or rather, a lot of them.

Jellied desserts offer a wide range of dishes to end a meal. They may be simple and economical, or as elaborate as you please, but all of them can be prepared beforehand, and after a sojourn in your refrigerator, turn out in a handsome, shimmering mold.

Ice cream in one of its many forms and flavors is equally appropriate as a "family" or banquet dessert. One of the easiest too, as well as one of the most capable of variation. You can make it at home with very little trouble, or you can buy "store" ice cream and dress it up with sauce, fruit or other additions. Besides variety, it numbers among its advantages as a sweet, simplicity, good food value, fine flavor and a pleasant temperature.

MILK PUDDINGS have retained their popularity by virtue of their many sterling qualities. They are within the limited budget for one thing, and that counts for a good deal these days. They require no particular skill, though you must not let their simplicity mislead you into haphazardness; like most other dishes, they repay the care you give to their preparation. Isn't it worth a little trouble to turn out a smooth, creamy, corn starch mold, delicately textured and flavorful? Or a well-cooked rice pudding, a velvety custard, or a delicious tapioca cream? These nutritious desserts supplement the lighter dinner, and are good either plain, or in one of their fancier transformations.

"Let them eat cake" to top off a meal. It may be a filled and frosted masterpiece, or a loaf cake, rich with fruit and nuts. Either as an accompaniment, or as the dessert on its own hook, it will be a general favorite.

Pie is worthy of any table, and it has as many versions as a month of Sundays. There is the substantial two-crust affair, the deep pie with a pastry cover, and the shell which holds a bland or tangy filling, thick and smooth, or beaten to a delightful airiness. Let the kind suit the occasion, and you are sure of a successful dessert.

Chocolate Half and Half

(Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ⅓ Cupful of quick tapioca
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 4 Cupfuls of milk, scalded
- 1 Egg
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Combine the tapioca, sugar and salt and add gradually to scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water, stirring frequently until the tapioca is clear. Separate the egg yolk and white, beat the yolk and combine with a little of the hot mixture. Return to the double boiler and cook for two minutes longer. Cool and fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and the vanilla. Divide the mixture into two equal portions and to one portion add one-half of the following hot sauce:

- 2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of water
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ⅛ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- ¼ Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Put the chocolate and the water in a saucepan, heat and stir until the chocolate is melted and the mixture well blended. Add the sugar and salt and cook until the mixture is thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, add the butter and the flavoring.

Arrange the light and dark mixtures in alternate layers in sherbets or glass serving cups and top each glass with some of the remaining chocolate sauce. Chill. Six servings.

Fruit and Bread Mold

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Quart of fresh fruit (raspberries, cherries, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries)
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- Buttered bread slices
- Fruit sauce or plain or whipped cream

Wash and prepare the fruit, crush and add the sugar. Butter a rounded bowl and line it carefully with slices of buttered bread from which the crusts have been removed. Cut the slices to fit in neatly and cover the bottom and sides of the bowl completely. Place one-half of the prepared fruit in the bowl, cover with another layer of buttered bread slices, cut to fit and add the remainder of the fruit. Cover with a final layer of bread, place a plate on the top and weigh it down, then chill in the refrigerator overnight. Serve unmolded with sauce or cream. Six servings. ☆ *Cont. on next page*

Some Like Them Hot

Continued from page 51

combine well and turn into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) until set (forty-five to fifty-five minutes). Serve hot with cream or ice cream. Six servings.

Steamed Chocolate Mold

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Tablespoonful of butter
½ Cupful of sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful of milk
1 Cupful of sifted flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
6 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
½ Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Add the beaten egg and beat well. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and cocoa. Add alternately with the milk to the first mixture, stir in the vanilla and turn the batter into a greased pudding mold. Adjust the lid or tie waxed paper over the top and steam for one hour. Unmold and serve hot with whipped cream, cinnamon-flavored hard sauce or the following Marshmallow Mint Sauce.

½ Cupful of sugar
¼ Cupful of water
8 Marshmallows
1 Egg white, stiffly beaten
Peppermint flavoring to taste
Green coloring

Boil the sugar and water together to 230 deg. Fahr. (this takes from fifteen to twenty minutes and results in a thin syrup, not thick enough to spin a thread). Add the marshmallows which have been cut in small pieces and allow to stand for two or three minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour this mixture gradually onto the beaten egg white, beating constantly until the mixture is cool. Add the flavoring and color a delicate green.

Ripe Plum Roll

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
About ¾ Cupful of milk
2 Cupfuls of halved, stoned plums, stewed and sweetened
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
½ Cupful of brown sugar
½ Teaspoonful of ground cinnamon

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening and add milk to make a soft dough that can be handled. Roll on a lightly floured board to one-half inch thickness and rectangular shape. Over this spread the plums which have been drained, sprinkle with lemon juice, brown sugar and cinnamon and roll up like a jelly roll. Bake in a buttered pan in a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 deg. Fahr.) for about one-half hour. Serve hot with plum sauce made with the juice drained from the plums. Six servings.

Marmalade Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Tablespoonfuls of brown sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
1 Egg, slightly beaten
½ Cupful of orange marmalade
1½ Cupfuls of sifted flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of baking soda
½ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Cupful of boiling water

Combine the brown sugar and the melted butter, add the slightly beaten egg and the marmalade. Combine thoroughly. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder, baking soda and salt. Add alternately with the boiling water to the first mixture, mix well and turn into a greased pudding mold. Cover and steam for one hour. Serve hot with Creamy Sauce:

1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
½ Cupful of whipping cream
½ Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Separate the egg yolk and white, beat the yolk until light, add one tablespoonful of the sugar and beat again. Beat the egg white until stiff; add the remaining tablespoonful of sugar and beat again. Fold the beaten yolk into the white. Whip the cream until stiff and fold into the first mixture. Add the flavoring and serve.

Rice Health Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of boiled or steamed rice
3 Cupfuls of hot milk
¼ Cupful of molasses
¼ Cupful of washed, seedless raisins
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
½ Teaspoonful of grated nutmeg

Combine the rice and hot milk, add the molasses, raisins, salt, butter and grated nutmeg. Mix well and turn into a greased baking dish. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.), stirring once or twice during the first half hour of cooking. Six servings. Serve with plain cream. ☆

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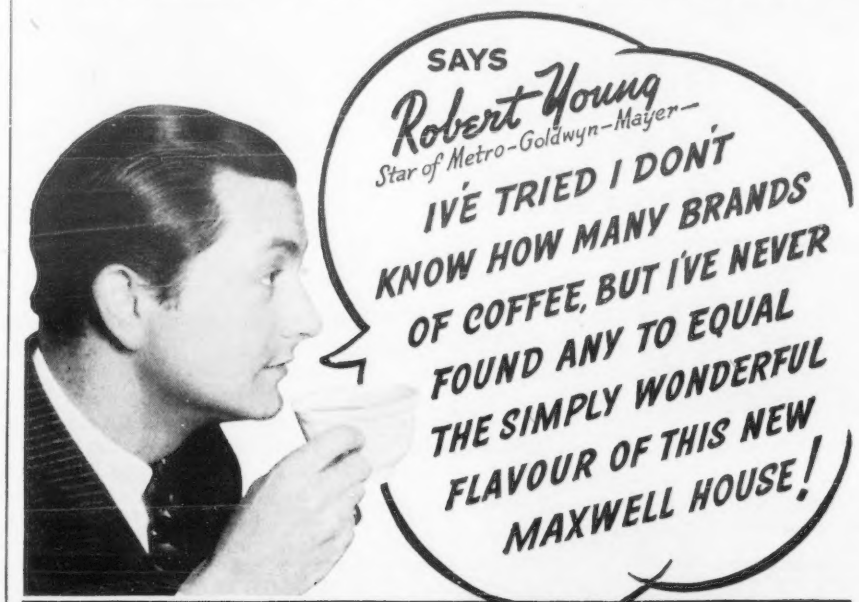

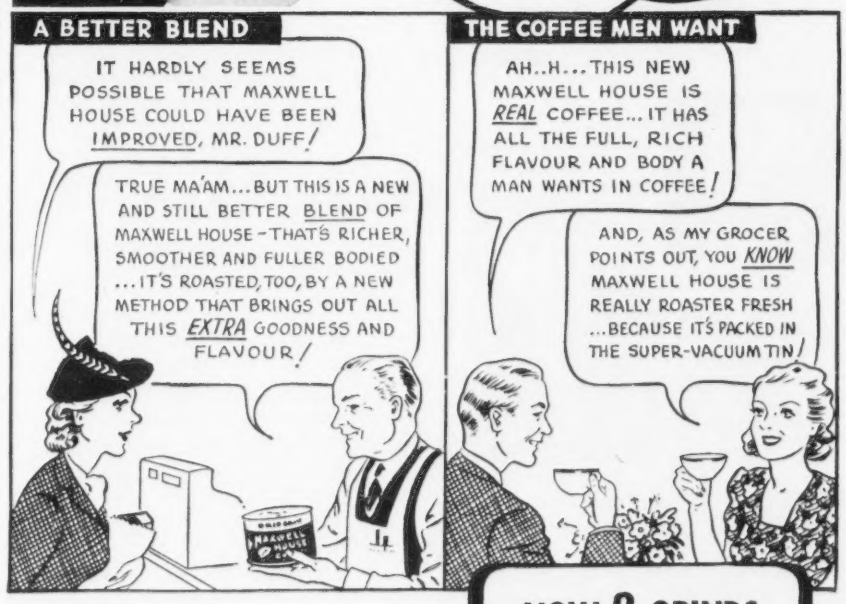

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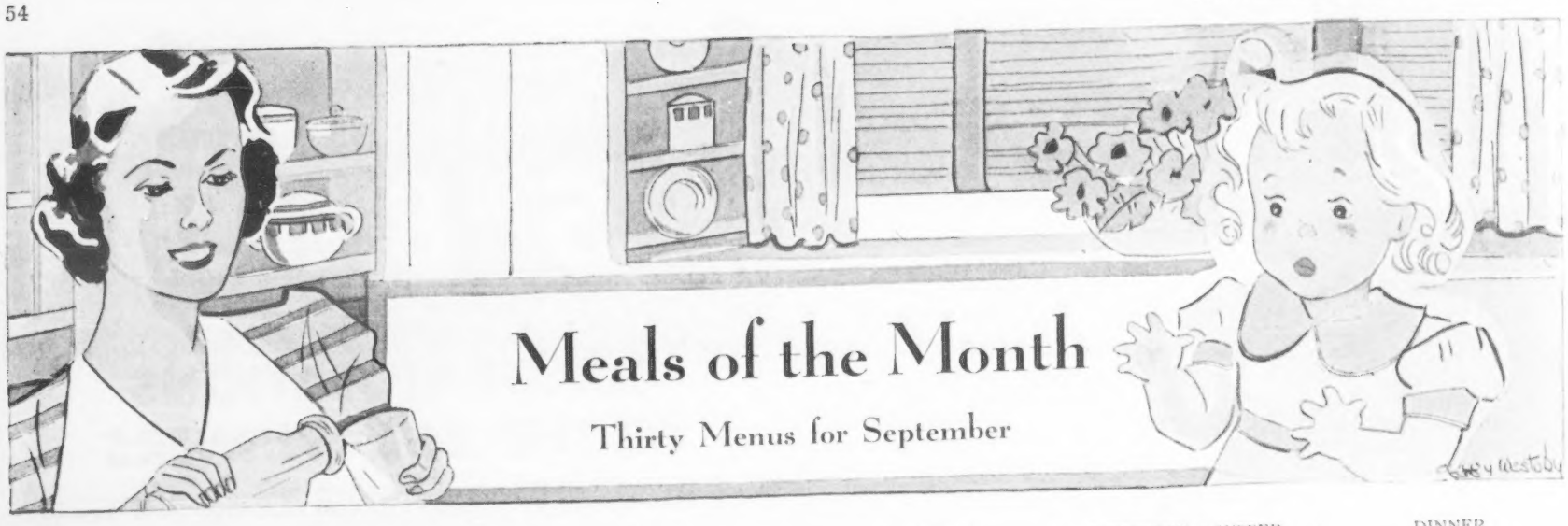


Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for September

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1	Orange Juice Cereal Toast, Honey Coffee, Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Stuffed Tomato Salad Fresh Gingerbread, Hard Sauce Tea, Cocoa	Baked Lake Trout Parsley Potatoes Swiss Chard Pineapple Cornstarch Mold Coffee, Tea
2	Blueberries Scrambled Eggs with Chopped Parsley Toast Coffee, Tea	Creamed Fish (left-over) and Peas on Toast Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Apple Sauce Gingerbread (from Friday) Tea, Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Mashed Potatoes String Beans Oranges and Bananas in Jelly with Cream Coffee, Tea
3	*(Sunday)* Chilled Melon Bacon, Grilled Tomatoes Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Chicken (canned) and Celery Salad Brown Rolls Lemon Meringue Tarts Tea, Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Summer Squash Fresh Peach Shortcake Coffee, Tea
4	*(Labor Day)* Pineapple Juice Pancakes Syrup Coffee, Tea	(Picnic Supper) Hamburgers in Flat Rolls Mustard Pickle Boiled Corn Fruit (plums, peaches, apple Jelly Roll, Cookies Bottled Soft Drinks, Coffee	(Served at Noon) Cold Sliced Lamb Hashed Brown Potatoes Buttered Carrots Vanilla Ice Cream Maple Sauce Wafers Coffee, Tea
5	Grapefruit Cereal Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Lamb and Rice Croquettes Creole Sauce Head Lettuce Salad Stewed Apples Tea, Cocoa	Wing Steaks Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Chocolate Tapioca Pudding Coffee, Tea
6	Stewed Apples (from Tuesday) Cereal Bran Muffins, Honey Coffee, Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Browned Potato Cakes Fresh Pear, Cream Cheese and Grape Salad Tea, Cocoa	Mulligatawny Soup Scalloped Potatoes with Onions Baked Tomatoes, Green Peas Mashed New Turnip Deep Blueberry Pie Coffee, Tea
7	Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee, Tea	Pea Soup Jellied Vegetable Mold on Lettuce Hot Biscuits, Jam Tea, Cocoa	Beef and Kidney Pie Fresh Lima Beans Creamed Oyster Plant Sliced Peaches, Layer Cake Coffee, Tea
8	Grapes French Toast Syrup Coffee, Tea	Corn on the Cob Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Baked Cup Custards with Toasted Almonds Tea, Cocoa	Breaded Halibut Steaks French Fried Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Fresh Plum Roll Hard Sauce Coffee, Tea
9	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Scotch Broth Biscuits, Cheese Mixed Fresh Fruit Salad Sweet Rolls Tea, Cocoa	Baked Picnic Ham Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Fresh Pears Cookies Coffee, Tea
10	*(Sunday)* Grapefruit Juice Grilled Smoked Fish Toasted Rolls, Marmalade Coffee, Tea	Sliced Cold Picnic Ham Mustard Green Salad Bowl Peaches, Chocolate Cake Tea, Cocoa	Grilled Sirloin Steaks Mashed Potatoes, Corn Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee, Tea
11	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Poached Eggs Toast Coffee, Tea	Creamed Picnic Ham on Fresh Cornbread with Parsley Stewed Plums, Cake Tea, Cocoa	Tomato Soup Liver and Onions Panfried Potatoes, Spinach Creamy Rice with Cocoanut Coffee, Tea
12	Melon Cereal Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Chicken Soup Potato Salad with Hard-cooked Eggs Canned Berries, Wafers Tea, Cocoa	Rib Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Carrots Apple Pie, Cheese Coffee, Tea
13	Peaches Cereal Bran Muffins, Jam Coffee, Tea	Casserole of Canned Pilchard and Celery Sliced Cucumbers Bananas and Cream Tea, Cocoa	Consommé Cold Roast Beef Parsley Potatoes Fried Egg Plant Floating Island Coffee, Tea
14	Orange Juice Waffles Syrup or Honey Coffee, Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Dill Pickles Pineapple, Prune and Peanut Butter Salad Tea, Cocoa	Fruit Cocktail Shepherd's Pie Summer Squash, Peas Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee, Tea
15	Chilled Prune Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Potato Soup with Parsley Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Stewed Fresh Pears Ginger Wafers Tea, Cocoa	Scalloped Haddock Boiled Potatoes Grilled Tomatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee, Tea
16	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Creamed Potatoes Apple Sauce Cake Tea, Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Panfried Potatoes Creamed Onions Baked Peach Pudding Coffee, Tea
17	*(Sunday)* Fresh Grapes Cereal Bacon, Marmalade Toast Coffee, Tea	Ramekins of Creamed Seafood Celery Curls, Radishes Hot Rolls Mixed Fruit Cup Cake Tea, Cocoa	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Plum Tart Pie Coffee, Tea
18	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls, Honey Coffee, Tea	Corn and Chicken Casserole Brown Bread Jam Turnovers Tea, Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Lettuce Salad Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee, Tea
19	Stewed Plums Soft-cooked Eggs Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Noodle Soup Biscuits Cabbage and Peanut Salad Sliced Peaches, Cookies Tea, Cocoa	Hot Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes, Turnips Orange Sponge Custard Sauce Coffee, Tea
20	Peaches Cereal Quick Coffee Cake, Syrup Coffee, Tea	Smoked Fillet of Haddock Potato Chips Sliced Cucumber and Onions Caramel Rennet Custard Tea, Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Meat Loaf Savory Rice, String Beans Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee, Tea
21	Oranges Bacon, Fried Tomatoes Toast Coffee, Tea	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Boston Brown Bread Chilled Melon Tea, Cocoa	Dressed Spare Ribs Scalloped Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Apple Crisp Coffee, Tea
22	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Canned Salmon Salad Stewed Plums Cup Cakes Tea, Cocoa	Clam Chowder (Vegetable Plate) Carrot Ring with Green Peas Baked Tomatoes, Corn Creamy Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee, Tea
23	Fresh Pears Fish Cakes and Bacon Toast Coffee, Tea	Pepperpot Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Canned Cherries Cookies Tea, Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Mint Sauce Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Sliced Peaches Cup Cakes (from Friday) Coffee, Tea
24	*(Sunday)* Melon Ham and Eggs Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Assorted Sandwiches Relishes Ice Cream, Fruit Sauce Macaroons Tea, Cocoa	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Baked Onions Grape Tapioca Whipped Cream Coffee, Tea
25	Orange Juice Cereal Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Corn on the Cob Waldorf Salad Bran Muffins Tea, Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches French Fried Potatoes, Beets Baked Cocoanut Custard Coffee, Tea
26	Apple Sauce Pancakes Syrup Coffee, Tea	Baked Stuffed Peppers Tomato Sauce Compote of Pears and Oranges Toasted Muffins Tea, Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee, Tea
27	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast, Marmalade Coffee, Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce, French Dressing Grapes, Wafers Tea, Cocoa	Veal Birds Browned Potato Cakes Summer Squash Sliced Bananas in Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee, Tea
28	Half Grapefruit Poached Eggs Toast Coffee, Tea	Casserole of Sausages and Sweet Potatoes Stewed Apples, Cinnamon Buns Tea, Cocoa	Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Peach Shortcake Coffee, Tea
29	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Egg and Potato Salad Sliced Oranges and Cocoanut Tea, Cocoa	Steamed Cod Parsley Sauce Mashed Potatoes, Spinach Gingerbread, Hard Sauce Coffee, Tea
30	Melon Cereal Muffins, Honey Coffee, Tea	Bacon Succotash Stewed Plums Gingerbread (from Friday) Tea, Cocoa	Meat Pie Creamed Cauliflower Carrots Cornstarch Soufflé Fruit Sauce Coffee, Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

these dry ingredients alternately with the sour milk. Use medium speed and beat only until the mixture is smooth—no longer. Remove the beaters, wash, rinse in cold water, shake free of drops, then beat the egg whites until they will hold their shape but are not dry. Fold into the cake mixture by hand. Bake in a greased cake pan (eight to nine inches square) for about forty-five minutes in a moderate over—350 deg. Fahr.

Brown Sugar Icing

2 Egg whites
2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
Pinch of salt
⅓ Cupful of water
½ Teaspoonful of pure vanilla

Combine the egg whites, sugar, salt and water in the upper part of a double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat, using high speed until the mixture thickens and will hold its shape (approximately four minutes). Remove from the boiling water and continue to beat, using high speed until the mixture is stiff enough to spread. Beat in the vanilla and spread thickly over the cooled spice cake.

Lemon Roll

½ Cupful of egg whites (4 or 5 eggs)
⅛ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
⅝ Cupful of fine granulated sugar
¼ Teaspoonful of pure vanilla
⅛ Teaspoonful of pure almond flavoring
½ Cupful of sifted cake flour

Beat the egg whites with the salt, using high speed, until they are foamy. Add the cream of tartar and continue beating until the whites are stiff but not dry. Using low speed, add the sugar a little at a time until it is all used. Add the flavorings. Measure the sifted flour and sift again two or three times. Fold the sifted flour, a little at a time, into the egg and sugar mixture, by hand. Turn into a large flat pan (about fifteen by ten inches) which has been lined with waxed paper, and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen to twenty minutes. Cut off the crisp edges, turn the cake out onto a cloth sprinkled with powdered sugar, remove the waxed paper and spread quickly with lemon filling. Roll, wrap in the cloth and allow to stand until cool.

Fresh Strawberry Whip

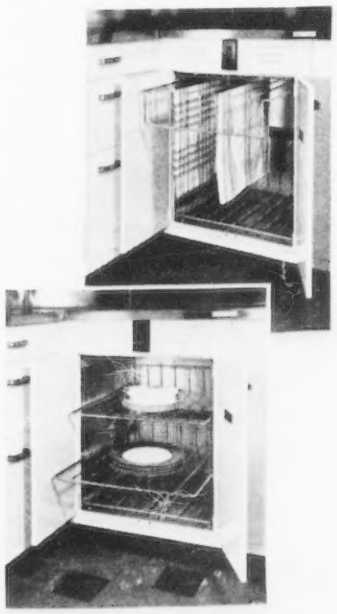
1 Cupful of washed, hulled and halved strawberries
1½ Cupfuls of water, or fruit juice and water
1 Package of strawberry-flavored jelly powder
1 Egg white

Sprinkle the strawberries with a little sugar and allow to stand at room temperature for fifteen or twenty minutes. Drain off the juice, add water to make one and a half cupfuls of liquid, heat and add to the jelly powder. Stir until dissolved, cool and chill until it begins to thicken. Beat the egg white in a small bowl until stiff. Place the strawberries in a large bowl and beat, using medium speed until the fruit is a purée. Add the partially thickened jelly mixture and whip until very light and fluffy (medium speed). Fold in the beaten egg whites by hand, chill and serve with whipped cream.

Vanilla Frozen Cream

2 Eggs
⅓ Cupful of granulated sugar
3 Cupfuls of thin cream (half milk and half cream, if desired)
⅓ Cupful of light corn syrup
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 Teaspoonfuls of pure vanilla

Beat the eggs, using medium speed, until they are thick and light colored. Gradually add the sugar and continue beating. Reduce the speed to low and add the cream, syrup and lemon juice. Turn into the freezing tray of a mechanical refrigerator and freeze until firm. Remove from the tray to a cold bowl, add the vanilla and beat at medium to high speed until the mixture is light and creamy. Return at once to the freezing tray and freeze until the right consistency for serving. Six to eight servings. Delicious with any desired sauce or with crushed, sweetened fresh fruit. ☆



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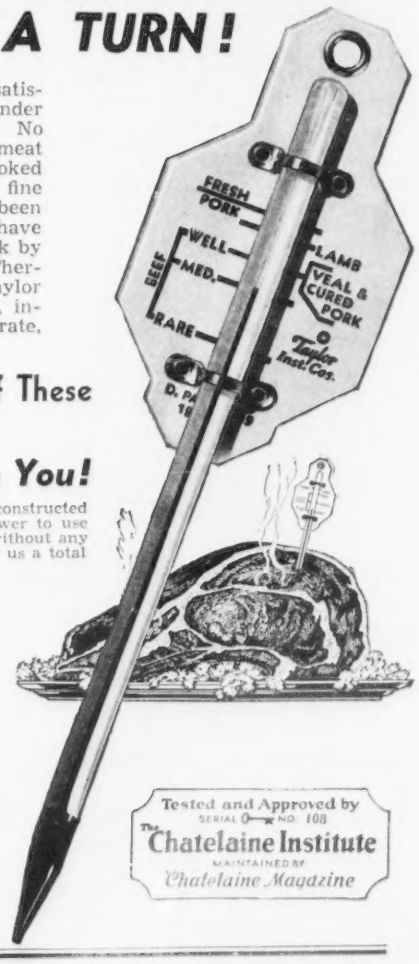

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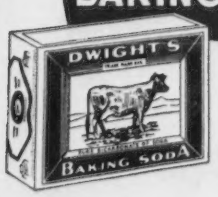

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Let the Mixer Do It

By M. Frances Hucks

IF THERE'S one piece of kitchen equipment which does more jobs with less effort than any other piece, it's the electric mixer. It will stir, whip or beat, mix or mash—better than it can be done by hand, and all at the flip of a switch.

Several lucky owners of this electrical servant have written to the Institute asking how to get the best value from it. And our answer is—Use it. Don't get the idea that its service is limited to whipping cream and beating an egg white, but keep it in a convenient place on your work table and use it for everything that needs beating or mixing. It just wouldn't be possible to list every little job it can do, but here are a few of them:

—whip cream
—beat eggs, whole, or yolks and whites separately
—mix beverages
—cream shortening
—cream cheese for spreading
—mash potatoes, turnips and other vegetables
—beat fruits to a purée, e.g., cooked prunes, apricots, fresh strawberries, bananas
—whip gelatine desserts
—beat frozen desserts
—make boiled icings
—make mayonnaise

And so it goes—with each item opening up a whole array of delicious things to eat. The simple process of beating an egg, for instance, leads up to feathery sponge cakes, snowy angel food, swirly, golden brown meringues, light, velvety icings and delicate, airy soufflés. Creaming shortening is the first step toward successful cakes, cookies and shortbreads, is the basis of fluffy, butter icings or a thoroughly blended hard sauce, makes for light and tender muffins and a variety of other quick breads. In making any of these dishes, follow the regular methods but cut down the mixing time by one quarter—even by one half in some cases. You'll soon get the "feel" of it.

The fruit juice extractor, standard equipment with many models, doesn't need an explanation. It extracts the juice from citrus fruits and does it well. No fuss or effort, no seeds or fibre, and the greatest possible volume of juice.

Attachments for the mixer look after such tiring jobs as grinding meat and chopping anything that needs chopping. They slice such vegetables as potatoes and such fruits as apples, and do it neatly, uniformly and quickly. They grate or shred vegetables for salads or sandwich fillings, grate cheese or chocolate and make bread crumbs.

Other attachments include a can opener, knife sharpener and silver polisher. Their names tell their story, but we might add that they're easy to attach, fun to operate and do a good job.

Here are a few recipes adapted to mechanical mixing. The results will show that this laborer is definitely worthy of its hire.

Raisin Spice Cake

¾ Cupful of shortening
1 Cupful of brown sugar (firmly packed)
3 Egg yolks
1 Cupful of chopped, seeded raisins
1 Cupful of sour milk
3 Cupfuls of sifted pastry or cake flour
3 Teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of baking soda
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful of ground cloves
3 Egg whites

Cream the shortening, using high speed if it is softened, medium speed if it is hard, increasing to high as the shortening softens. Add the sugar gradually and cream together at high speed until the mixture is very light, using a rubber scraper to keep the sides of the bowl clean. Reduce the speed to medium and add the egg yolks one at a time. When they are mixed, increase speed and beat until light and fluffy. Add the raisins, combining at medium speed. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder, baking soda, salt and spices. Add

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them up over the top, and arranging them so that they don't all bunch together at the centre. One of my friends took me down in her basement the other day, with the usual feminine apologies for untidiness (as if I cared two hoots!) and showed me how she has solved the problem. She has several lengths of "two-by-four" lumber slung from the rafters by the simple pulley arrangement illustrated. She can lower her "line" to get at it conveniently, place the clothes evenly along it, and then pull the whole thing up out of the way. The ingenious space-saving element, however, lies in the hanging of the clothes double. The width of the bar keeps the two sides separate, and allows the air free passage between them.

Cheap Crack Filler

HAVE YOU unsightly cracks along your baseboards, or in your woodwork? Your handyman can fix those for you easily enough with a good homemade crack filler. Get from your hardware shop a pound of plaster of Paris, a pound of dextrine (a soluble gummy starch derivative) and six pounds of precipitated chalk. Mix them together with water to form a stiff dough, and apply with a putty knife, if you have one, or if not, with an old kitchen knife. When the paste has dried, paint or enamel will remove all traces of the repair.

First Aid for Pram Pushers

ON THE street the other day I passed a baby carriage containing the offspring of an obviously ingenious parent. He had fixed an old rear-vision mirror from an automobile to the front of the carriage in such a position as to give the motive power a clear view of the enclosed infant, without having to stop and peer around the front of the hood. Personally, I rather like to see young matrons doing this, but the idea may appeal to them all the same.

Curing Loose Casters

HERE *IS* an especially easy one. Have you any casters that fall out of tables, chairs, beds, and so on? Get Tall, Dark and Handsome to wrap a rubber band around the loose shanks, and your casters are fixed. Rubber is ever so much better than electrical tape or string, because it is pliable, and has a high degree of friction. ☆

Remodelling Bedrooms

Continued from page 50

walls. Window drapes, corn yellow repp; glass curtains, white sheer rayon; dressing table stool, grey-green and white striped fabric. Floor covering the same as in bedroom.

Bathroom: Powder blue walls, dusty pink bath, toilet and lavatory basin. Chromium finish for legs of lavatory basin, wallgrab bar for bath, and shower equipment. One-tone burgundy linoleum for floor, large tile pattern. Shower curtains, translucent coated silk with daisy pattern.

FOR THE other scheme—two bedrooms, using the existing bathroom—it would be advisable to have each room different and thus provide greater interest by contrast.

Let us begin with the one shown (lower left), which has a private entrance to the bathroom.

Old ivory walls, painted with eggshell gloss finish. All woodwork, including doors, the same color and finish.

Window drapes, emerald green; glass curtains, sheer marquisette; bedspread, emerald green rayon; lounge chair, emerald green and white; dressing table stool, black; bed, bedside pedestal and chair, bleached mahogany or maple; floor covering, black and white marbleized linoleum.

The second bedroom offers the opportunity for contrast.

Pinkish beige walls of paint or paper, not high gloss finish. All woodwork of the same tone.

Window drapes, striped chintz in beige and brown and glass curtains, Tuscan net. Upholstered chairs covered with checked crash, picking up colors in drapes and walls. One chair of sky blue repp. Bed and side table, bleached maple. Floor covering, one-tone beige linoleum.

After you have considered these possibilities for remodelling oversized, outdated and inconvenient bedrooms, I have no doubt there will be something doing in your home. In which case, I'll be glad to help you with any further information you require. ☆

The Wallpaper is Washable . . .

THE WALLS and ceiling are covered with washable wallpaper in coral and white plaid—a charming background for white metal cabinet, and gleaming monel work surfaces. Coral is repeated in the floor linoleum and the curtains' ball-fringe trimming. This kitchen, shown at the New York World's Fair, is U-shaped, with equipment logically placed for convenience.

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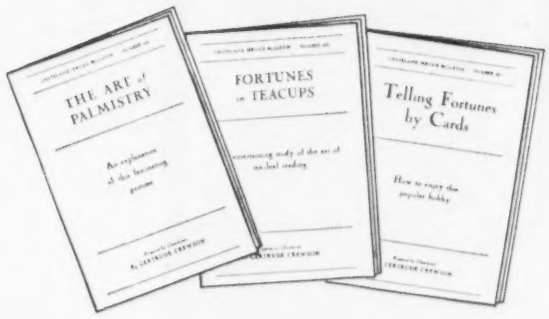

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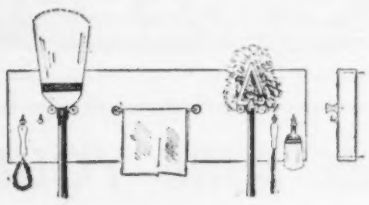
Is Your Husband Handy?

Put a hammer in his hand and set him to work on these easy-to-make gadgets for the home

by
GORDON DUSTAN

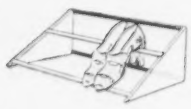
HOW HANDY is your husband? Perhaps you are the fortunate possessor of one of the kind that loves to potter about the house and yard, making and repairing things—one that subscribes to all the hobby magazines, and likes nothing better than making you useful and ornamental gadgets for your home. In that case, pleased to have met you; good-by. It is more likely, though, that your husband, like most men, can but doesn't. He would be full of excellent excuses if you tackled him about it: he hasn't time to be spending his evenings making piano benches or grandfather clocks; he hasn't the proper tools; he's a salesman (or a broker or a dentist), not a cabinetmaker; and what *could* he make you, anyhow?



Well, here are suggestions for a few useful jobs you might persuade him to do for you, and some handy things that a salesman (or a broker, or a dentist, or even a chartered accountant) could make, in the course of an evening or two, without special skill, and with only the ordinary tools found in most households. Later on, he might have to spend half a dollar on a fret saw; but by that time, he should be rejoicing in his skill, and ready to shoot the works.

Handy Broom Holder

FOR A starter, yard out four spools and a piece of board of any convenient size, say six inches wide and around twenty inches long. These, with a few stout nails, are the complete makings of the holder for your mop and broom shown in the picture. There is lots of room, also, for hooks on which to hang brushes, and even for a rack to hold dust cloths. Of course, I have no idea of your particular wheedling powers, but I shouldn't think you'd have much trouble in persuading him to make you one. When finished, a coat of enamel gives it a most professional appearance.



Stickless Baking Board

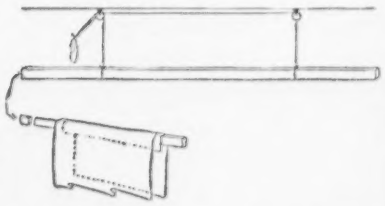
DURING THIS hot weather you might like to have a nonstick baking board, which, according to a friend of mine who has one, is a boon when making pastry, because it keeps the flour down to a minimum. Her husband went to the local monument maker, and got him to cut a polished slab of marble, about three quarters of an inch thick, and about eighteen inches by twenty-four. He put a frame of wood around it, but *your* husband will probably want to make a permanent job, and sink it into the shelf of your kitchen cabinet. On the other hand, he may not, particularly if he happens to know that the board will function quite as well just as it comes from the cutter. I know it sounds rather weighty, but the size mentioned is handled easily enough, and its usefulness will repay you for the effort of lifting it about.

Closet Shoe Rack

HERE IS a device that would bring shouts of acclaim from the Anti-litter League. When your tired businessman has finished the baseball scores some evening, get him to make you a shoe rack for the closet. All he needs is two right-angled triangles, sawn from a piece of board, and some light slats, to be placed as shown in the picture. Small nails do very well to hold it together, but wood screws are better. The chief advantage of a rack like this is its ability to fit close to the wall and save space. The dimensions given are only a suggestion, of course; it can be as long or as short as you wish.

Basement Clothes Dryer

DRYING CLOTHES on a rainy day is more than just a problem. If you have lots of space, of course, you aren't so badly off, but many women haven't.



Hanging wet things on a rope line is all right, if you have room, and don't mind the arm-aching job of getting

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deck was worth a leg or two. She'd never seen anything like that before except in the movies. It frightened her. But it was queer—she liked being frightened. She felt like laughing all over herself—shouting and shaking a fist at the wild grey skies and the mad seas. And the brave way the ship stood up to it all stirred something to recognition in her—a sort of kinship. It made her think of Ma that day at the mill strike—facing up to that big bobby and telling him what she thought of him.

The wind took her beret off her head and tossed it out to sea. It tore at her knot of hair and loosened it with rough fingers so that it flew behind her like a banner. She was breathless, bruised and battered but exultant as she came out of the shelter of the boats into the full blast of the storm. She saw the bow rise up in front of her. Then she saw David Gretorex. And what he'd seen as he turned and ran toward her. The grey horizon seemed suddenly to lift—to sweep down upon them, so swiftly and terribly that there was nothing to be done but stand and wait. It hung over them for a moment, a grey monster rearing its crested head to the height of the ship's funnels, hanging poised, gloating over the moment when it would fall on them, crushing them to fragments.

IT WAS odd, David thought, what a lot you could think in less than a flash. He'd thought, There's that girl again! And then it didn't matter who or what she was. If you were any good at all you had to risk your life for someone who as likely as not, wasn't. It was just one of those things you didn't reason about. So, as the wave fell, David grabbed hold of her. He held on. He had to. For an eternity he knew nothing else. They were drowned, beaten, flung to the very edge of a rail that lay level with the sea. He opened his stinging eyes and for a moment looked straight down into a convulsed cauldron whose waters yawned open, waiting for them. Then very slowly, in agony, the ship drew herself away, hardly righted herself, leaving them both heaped together like broken wreckage in the scuppers.

David slithered and clawed his way up the sloping, water-swept deck. A door had been battered open. He dragged his burden through and slammed it. They were in pitch darkness.

He dropped where he stood. He could hear a wave hiss past like an angry frustrated snake. He couldn't get his breath properly. His lungs were choked. He wondered how many of his ribs were broken. And whether she was still alive.

He heard her move.

"Are you all right, lad?"

"I don't know yet. Are you?"

"Reckon something's busted. So long as it isn't me luvly voice—"

He remembered his lighter. It was a sports affair that Lord John had given him. It was supposed to stand up to any weather. Normally it didn't work very well. But this occasion wasn't normal.

It clicked and sent up a pale flame.

He found a switch and an electric bulb overhead showed them dimly where they were. It was some sort of store-room full of neatly stacked ship's gear. Not much more than a large windowless locker. Biff-Janey had collapsed on a coil of rope. She looked as though she'd come up from the bottom of the sea—a drowned, white, rather awful look. But she was grinning.

"Reckon it's my arm," she said.

She held it on her knee. It didn't seem to belong to her.

"I'll get help," David said.

"Better stay where you are."

"It's all right now. I can make it."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Don't be idiotic," he said rudely. "You're hurt. And we can't stay here forever."

He turned the door handle. It turned smoothly. But nothing happened. He put his shoulder to the door. Finally he flung himself against it. He heard Biff-Janey's husky laugh.

"Looks like we've got to." She added rather faintly, "It's a bit of a joke on thee, lad."

"What is?"

"Being shut up here with me—forever."

"Why—?"

"I mean—feeling the way you do—"

"What way—!"

"Disapproving like—"

"I don't. I simply don't feel anything one way or other—"

"Well—I wish I didn't."

She sighed. And then quietly, like someone determined not to make a fuss, she fainted.

When she came to he was holding her firmly in his arms. At once he propped her against the wall as though she had been a broken rather tiresome doll.

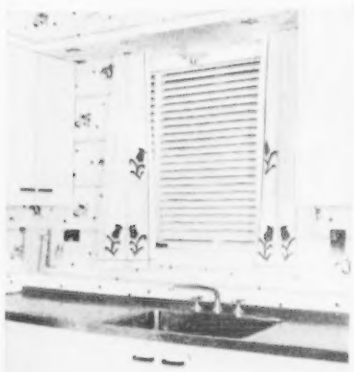
"You'd have been killed," he said.

"It's all right," she said.

"Are you feeling better? She's not rolling so badly. The door's jammed. When things quiet down they'll look for us."

"Happen they'll think we went over-

☆ *Continued on page 63*



★

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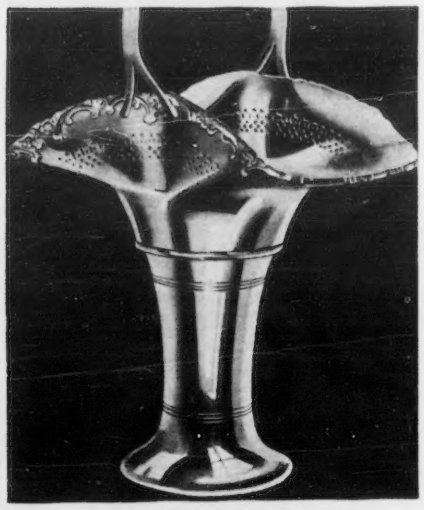

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By
HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director, Chatelaine Institute

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½ cup Brown Sugar
2 tablespoons Molasses
2 Eggs
1 cup Milk
2 cups Quaker Flour
4 teaspoons Baking Powder
½ teaspoon Salt
2½ cups Quaker Natural Bran
1 cup Raisins

Makes 1½ doz. Muffins

METHOD—Cream the butter; add sugar. Cream thoroughly together. Beat eggs; add molasses and milk. Add to butter and sugar mixture. Add bran and raisins, then flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Bake in well-greased muffin pans in hot oven—about 425 deg. F.—reduce to 375 deg. after 10 minutes.

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Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 41

dancing on the side. You wouldn't think I was singing in pubs five years ago, would you?"

"No—I wouldn't."

"I don't myself. Every time I look at that Rolls Royce I have to pinch it to be sure it's real. But it ought to be. I worked hard for it."

"I never thought of you working hard."

He hadn't realized that he'd thought seriously of her at all. She glanced at him.

"Ever made people laugh?" she asked. "I mean tried to make them? No, reckon you wouldn't. Well, it's hard work. Anyone can make 'em cry. You've got to know how to laugh yourself and like people so much you want to share your laughs with them. Happen that's what's the matter with the world—too many people who don't know how."

Nor had he thought of laughter as important. It had never entered into his and Elinor's discussions about life and what they meant to do with it. He found himself leaning on the rail beside her, looking out into the fog.

"Homesick?" she asked.

"A little."

"I guessed you were. That's why I came out. I am too. We're both kids, really. But we're lucky, you know. Being homesick means you've got something to go home to."

He hadn't intended anything of all this. He had meant to cut the conversation short. Instead it was running away with him, carrying him willy-nilly into an absurd intimacy. It was creating a sort of warmth between them. He ought to have been thankful when Mr. Findlater, a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, sauntered out onto the deck, and brought the atmosphere back to normal. Though the man's movements were deliberate, they were purposeful. He came direct to her and threw an overcoat over her shoulders and shook her slightly.

"Catching your death!" he said.

"Treating me like a baby!" she retorted. She winked at David—"his baby!"

She was herself again. So that he could be himself too.

"If you were I'd slap you," Findlater said. He gave David a not unkindly but appraising stare. "If you must neck in the fog," he said, "you might at least keep her warm. You'd better come for a walk with me, young woman, and get your blood up."

He drew her arm firmly through his.

"I only met th' ould sinner yesterday," Biff-Janey said to David. "And now he wants me to walk out with him. Of all th' brass—!"

They vanished together. David and the fog were alone again. But even the fog was deserting him. It was melting into a sickly moonlight. S.S. *Siren's* booms had become less frequent. Evidently the old girl, as Biff-Janey would have said, was losing hope.

Oppressed by an unreasonable gloom David Gretorex went down to his stateroom and, as a gesture, locked the door.

"GO ON," Biff-Janey said.

"But perhaps I'm telling you things you already know, Miss Janeway?"

"You couldn't. Ma sent me to a nice school once. But they sent me right back. They didn't like my songs. I expect they're sorry now."

"The Great Wall," Madame Li went on in her soft far-off voice—"was built hundreds of years ago. It is thousands of miles long. My people built it so that they could be left in peace to meditate on the good life. But as time passed it fell into decay and thieves and wicked men broke in. Now we are building it again with our own bodies—four hundred million bodies."

"Sounds like a champion wall," Biff-Janey said. She polished her nails assiduously. It wasn't easy. The cabin seemed to be trying to stand on its head. Biff-Janey wondered why she didn't feel as wretched as the quiet colorless woman lying on her bed, holding to its sides with small strong hands. Perhaps it was having a bargee in the family that helped to keep her steady. Grandpa Janeway had run his own barge on the Regent Canal for years.

"Now the enemy will try to strike before the wall is finished," Madame Li murmured. "That's why I am going back. I have learned much from your people, Miss Janeway. I have learned how to fight for freedom."

"You should have met Ma," Biff-Janey said. "She'd fight for anything."

She was touched and rather indignant too. Why couldn't people leave each other alone? If four hundred million of them wanted to sit round thinking about the Good Life, whatever that was, why shouldn't they? It didn't sound much fun. But that was their business."

"I like to hear you talk," she said. "It sounds so pretty."

"I like to hear you talk too, Miss Janeway. It's strong—strong as the earth."

Biff-Janey hadn't thought of it like that. But the idea pleased her. She saw that her strange fellow-traveller's eyes were closed. She looked more than ever like a Chinese doll, fallen asleep. Biff-Janey could have slept too. And no wonder. There wasn't a breath of air in the place. The steward had closed the porthole two hours ago.

"Blowing up for a gale, Miss," he'd said.

She looked up. She couldn't see the sky any more—only water, boiling and seething past. It was like being at the bottom of the ocean. She felt suffocated. And upstairs it might be a lot of fun—if she could ever get there.

She dressed quickly and quietly. At first sight the corridor rising and falling like a see-saw looked deserted. Then a big familiar figure lurched across the far end to the main stairway. The old villain. She couldn't put her nose outside the door without running into him. "Thee mind out for th' ould ones," Ma had said. "They're th' worst. They lose their wits."

Perhaps when you were old you tried to lose them and couldn't.

Biff-Janey turned in the opposite direction. It was like a sideshow Ma had treated her to at Blackpool. The floor gave way under you. The ceiling hit you on the head. Doors flew open and you had to hang onto yourself not to fly through them. People screamed. You screamed yourself. If you didn't break a leg it was a lot of fun.

Anyway what she saw from the boat

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Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 61

board. In a day or two we might begin to yell a bit. They might hear us. If they don't, which'll we do—starve or suffocate?" She achieved a quite genuine little laugh. "They'll think it queer like—finding us dead together. It'll give the newspaper lads a lot of fun."

"It's not in the least funny," David said. "As it happens I'm engaged to be married."

"I know. I saw her. A nice looking lass. But she'd never understand. Now your mother—she's different. I liked her. She waved to me."

"She did not," David said. But without conviction.

"Anyhow," Biff-Janey went on, "I'm sort of engaged myself. So we're in the soup together. He's a nice lad too. A Communist. It's against his notions to own anything. But he'll feel badly just the same—"

"There isn't the slightest reason—"

"People aren't reasonable—about me. They get downright silly. I don't know why—"

"Can you sit up?"

"I am sitting up."

"If you can stand it I'm going to take your coat off."

"I can stand it and sit it too," she said with a weak grin.

HE TRIED to help her and ignore her simultaneously. But removing the drenched and clinging polo coat in that heaving reeling box of a place was something he never liked to remember. He saw the sweat gather about her grey mouth. But she was quite quiet. He did not even hear that catch in the breath that is more agonizing than a cry. He wondered if there were some people so coarse-fibred they didn't feel much. He rather hoped so. He had found a short flag pole and had snapped it in half. Her arm was broken somewhere between her wrist and elbow. It seemed a nice clean break.

"You've got to set your teeth a minute," he told her.

"They're set now," she retorted rather grimly.

With a signal flag torn in strips he improvised a splint and a sling. He worked deftly and she watched him with a childlike admiration.

"Looks like you know what you're at," she said.

"I'm a boy scout," he said.

"You've got your good-deed-for-the-day off your mind, haven't you?"

"You don't have to laugh at everything."

"I don't. Not at boy scouts. Nice lads. I gave a performance once in Manchester so that the poor ones could buy new shorts—"

"Anyhow, good or bad, that's the best I can do, Miss Janeway."

She smiled down at her brightly adorned arm.

"That sounds rather funny. But then it's a funny name. Jane Janeway. It was Pa's notion. He died just before I was born. But he'd always known I'd be a girl. He wanted a girl. Pa liked girls." She drew a long difficult breath. "Most people call me Biff-Janey. You can, if you like."

"Thanks. But we hardly know each other."

"Well, we're finding out quite a bit now. Reckon you don't know why they call me Biff, do you?"

S.S. *Siren* lurched hideously. He wasn't quick enough. Biff-Janey fell against his shoulder. It occurred to him then that she was talking to save herself from crying. He said quite gently, "No—I'm afraid I don't."

She lay back with half-closed eyes.

"It was at a strike. Ma organized it. I was just a kid—seventeen or thereabouts. I'd been giving turns in the small theatres up north. But when I heard of the strike I came home. I knew Ma would be getting herself into trouble. Well, there was a bit of a row and Jud Stokes—that's our police sergeant—he said things to Ma. He gave her a push. And I gave him a biff on the jaw. He said he thought a mule had kicked him."

"I hope he arrested you," David said.

"Not Jud. He came round to our house and shook hands. He said there wasn't a chap in the whole force could have done it. And every time I go back to Melford he and me go out and have fish and chips together. He tells me about his fights. He says there's only one champ he won't take on and that's me. It's one of Jud's jokes." She laughed weakly. "I've been Biff-Janey ever since."

David heard himself laugh too. He wondered what Elinor would have thought of that absurd story. Then he had a confused, incredible vision of Elinor biffing a policeman. Perhaps it was true that they were slowly suffocating. He felt very drowsy and much less inclined to care what anyone thought about anything. He saw that Biff-Janey's eyes had closed. He put his arm round her. He didn't want to. But he had to. And he was aware that in a feeble, hurt-child sort of way, she turned to him. ☆ *To be Continued*

I am Ellin Stafford

Continued from page 15

soft as a kitten's ear. Above it her fair hair gleamed an electric green-gold.

There was a stir of surprise, admiration and some hostility; a murmur of greeting as Ellin stood nodding, smiling, so apparently at ease. What I suffer inside is my own affair, she was thinking. I want to be a success, I want to be Marian but I'm not. I'm only a silly scared nobody.

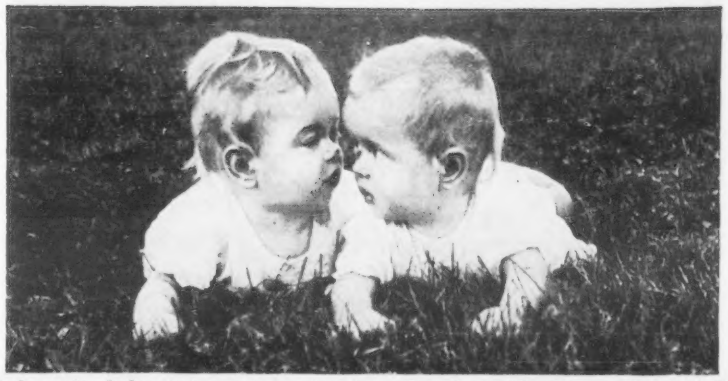
"Mr. Trevor." A pretty young woman rose at the back of the room.

"Yes, Mrs. Oakes."

"I was promised the lead in this production last spring, when I had to step out of 'Outward Bound' on account of Bobby's measles." Her voice was breathless but determined. She sat down.

"Well, er . . . there are any number of excellent parts," he said. "I mean, we could hardly have foreseen having Marian Stafford's sister in our . . ."

"Oh, if the part's been promised," Ellin said quickly, "please don't con-



"Suffering cats, Judy, did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll *all* be in the doghouse!"

"Now, Joan, keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."

". . . **that's a prickly** heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now . . ."

"Look at Daddy—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . . "Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has" . . . "Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"Feel a pinch of our Johnson's—isn't it slick? Such nice soft, soft talc—and no orris-root either. Won't you get some? It's such an inexpensive way to make a baby happy!"

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THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

VACCINATE AND TOXOID THE BABIES

VACCINATION against smallpox should be carried out before the baby is six months old. Performed by the modern method wherein a tiny scratch is made in the skin through a drop of vaccine, it leaves a very small scar. There is practically no pain or disability, and if the child is vaccinated again before entering school he will almost inevitably be proof against smallpox for the rest of his life. The only reserve is that it is always wise, in the case of contact with a smallpox case or in the presence of an epidemic of smallpox to vaccinate again.

Immunization against diphtheria may be given when the child is a year old, by means of toxoid. Toxoid is given in three doses at intervals of a week, and it is always well before giving the first dose to test the baby for a reaction. This preventive treatment is a simple harmless remedy. It will protect children against diphtheria in ninety-five out of a hundred cases. Scores of communities where the children are systematically toxoided have few or no cases of diphtheria and practically no deaths. One of our largest cities with a population of 600,000, which in 1929 had 1,022 cases of diphtheria and sixty-four deaths from this affection, rounded out the years 1934 and 1937 without a single death from diphtheria. In the interval an active campaign for the toxoiding of young children had been in operation. Throughout Canada the total number of cases of diphtheria in 1936 was 2,043 and there were 258 deaths. Most of the cases and all the deaths might have been prevented had a similar national campaign been carried out. Until diphtheria is a thing of the past, toxoiding campaigns are necessary, for the little ones coming on who are not immunized will still be exposed to contagion from a disease of which the mortality some years ago reached to forty per cent of those attacked.

In these days when governments and boards of health provide the means of immunization against smallpox and diphtheria, there is no excuse for parents to neglect a wise precaution. If your child has not been protected, have it done at once. The small child has no say in matters of this kind. The parents or guardians are the responsible ones. What a reflection on these if a child contracts smallpox or diphtheria through indifference or neglect!

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—My baby boy, seven months old, has some sores on his buttocks, in spite of the fact that I keep him as dry as possible. He has a running ear. Do you think it may result in a mastoid? Could the ear condition be due to pre-natal worry because my other boy was operated on for mastoid when I was pregnant? My eight-year-old girl wets at night. What can I do to correct this.—Mrs. A. L., Windsor, Ont.

Answer—Paint the parts with a solution of two drams tannic acid in an ounce of alcohol and one of water. Allow to dry and apply again. Do this a couple of times a day until you have the buttocks tanned.

The running ear requires attention by a local ear doctor; otherwise it may change to a mastoid. A running ear is due to local infection. The wetting in your girl should be readily cured by any competent doctor. The medicine used requires increasing doses to suit the case. I could not experiment with such a case at a distance. ☆

A MONTHLY SERVICE— Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired. Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and Department of Public Health.

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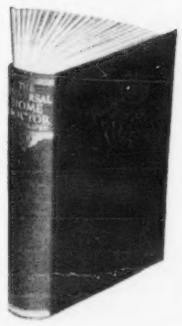

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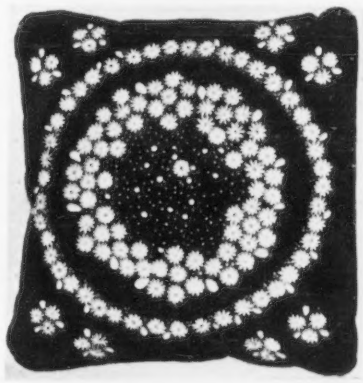

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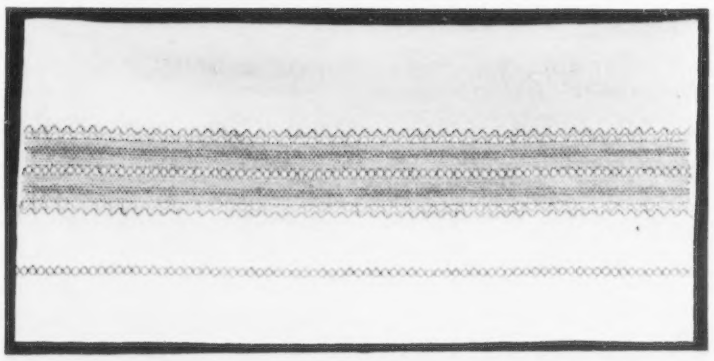

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Chatelaine's *September 1939*

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Good Food Can "Make" a Party

But it's one thing to know good food — and quite another to know how to prepare it.

Do you want to make sure that the refreshments at your parties are always a hit? Then send for these Chatelaine Service Bulletins. They're filled with the practical help you'll need.

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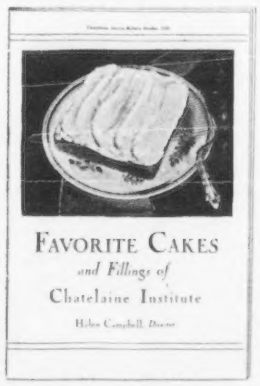
Here are exciting new recipes for unusually delicious cakes, with many tempting fillings and icings, prepared as a special Service Bulletin by the Institute. New cakes are here, with some of the old favorites you may have forgotten about. Besides recipes there are many useful baking hints. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2205. Price 15 Cents.



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What to do about the equipment, prizes, refreshment, everything which goes to make a bridge party a success is set forth in this handy little booklet. The Director of the Chatelaine Institute has assembled some really intriguing menus and recipes for Bridge Teas, High Tea Bridge, Dinner Bridge, Evening Bridge, and you will want to try out these new ideas. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 101. Price 15 Cents.

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Good talk and good food are the two things you need to make everybody glad they came to your house, says the Director of the Chatelaine Institute in this very useful Bulletin. Here you will find all sorts of suggestions for Mexican, German, Southern, Chinese and Russian style menus and can learn how to add the foreign touch to your cooking, giving your party guests a pleasant surprise. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 102. Price 15 Cents.

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sider me. Though of course," the perverse devil that was her own lack of self-esteem made her add, "I'd hardly be interested in any other role." And she threw back her head with her familiar gesture. What am I doing, she thought. Why did I say that? Why couldn't I have handed the part over to Mrs. Oakes nicely? I wish I hadn't come, I wish I were home.

"Naturally not." Mr. Trevor's tone, amiable and assured, was a blessing; he seemed to gather the whole group into a large embrace. "I'm sure there'll be no dissenting voice on that score." He looked about brightly. There was no dissenting voice. "Well, then, if you'll all come to the table and have a look at the scripts before reading . . ."

There was a general movement toward the big lamp-lit table, the casting committee remaining in a huddle at the back. Ellin broke away from a cluster of attentive young instructors and went up to Mr. Trevor.

"I don't suppose," her voice was light and casual, "it will be necessary for me to read for the committee, will it?"

"Why no, no indeed." His hand hesitated the merest fraction of a second before he picked up the fat script from the table and handed it to her. "I'll let you know about rehearsals."

"Thanks." She tucked the script into the pocket of the mink coat. "I suppose I'll have to have a lot of clothes for the part, won't I?"

"Why no, you see . . ."

"But I saw the picture. Katie Hepburn dressed it to the ears."

"Oh, well, in the picture Terry Randall was a rich girl. In the play she's a poor girl. I'm sorry." He laughed. "You'll have to break out the linsey-woolsies, I'm afraid."

"YOU'RE playing the lead?" At breakfast the next morning Hugh's surprise came as a shock to her; she wished she had not been so eager to tell him. "You must have been good."

"Oh, I didn't try out for it; they just gave it to me." Ellin was wearing a blue cotton housedress, her hair tied back with a childish ribbon, for she had dressed hurriedly. Hugh had been in bed when she got in the night before and this was her first chance to talk to him about the Club.

"Oh." He lit a cigarette, thoughtfully. "Well, I hope you're up to it."

She came wide awake instantly. "What on earth do you mean?"

"They're pretty good, that crowd. Been written up in Theatre Arts. I only meant you'd had so much less experience, Taffy, that's all."

"Experience! But I've . . ." She poured an extra cup of coffee hastily. "After all, I have played with Molly."

"When you were in High School, yes." Hugh smiled; she wished he hadn't. "This is rather different."

"Everyone has to begin," she said. "If you have looks and talent and a good director . . . after all, they're amateurs, too. I've always been crazy about the theatre." Her voice died away. It was herself she was trying to convince.

"Yes, of course. I don't want to discourage you. Trevor'll see you through. They say he does wonders with inexperienced actors." Hugh put down his napkin. "I just wondered if you were wise to undertake quite so much."

"I'd look like a fool, handing it back now. Oh, darling, I have to do this! Don't you see I have to? I have to be a success—be what people think I am. Help me, Hugh."

He came behind her and stooped to lay his cheek against hers.

"Dear old Taffy. You're you. That's enough for me. You don't have to be anything else."

But Ellin shook her head. "I have to be important. For you, too. But more," she added honestly, "for myself. Because then I won't be afraid of people; I won't say and do things I wish I hadn't, afterward."

"I know. Well, I must dash. Go ahead, then, and good luck." He kissed her and, leaving the house, turned to wave through the window. But his face, Ellin thought, looked strained.

THE CLUB room was cleared for action. As Ellin entered—only fifteen minutes late, if that—she was aware of an uncomfortably businesslike air about the place. A large group clustered about Mr. Trevor, and on the semicircle of chairs at the front of the room sat several of the newer members, their faces excited and solemn. The casting committee formed a small compact group at the back.

"I've decided to have a company reading, after all," Mr. Trevor explained. "I thought most of you knew the play so well we wouldn't bother, but I find there are several who don't." He seemed a little distracted, Ellin thought, although his manner, as he bowed her to the exact centre of the semicircle of chairs, was as flattering as ever.

"Now. I think we can begin." He sat at the lamplit table, facing the company. "Read, please."

When they came to her first speech Ellin's throat prickled as though she had eaten the wrong part of an artichoke. I won't try to put any expression into it, she thought. The others don't. So she read as nearly like them as possible, but it wasn't quite the same. Mrs. Oakes, for instance, sounded as though she were speaking, not reading. Ellin did not know how to get this effect.

"Thanks." Mr. Trevor stood up, rolling a pencil rapidly between his fingers. "Now we'll take five minutes rest and then start plotting out Act One."

It was worse than she had dreamed. The moment she stood up a nausea extending down to her very knees overcame her. Moving toward the spot designated for her entrance was like wading through water; her head felt as though it were wrapped in hot cloths. As she waited for her first cue she was only half aware of what the others were doing; making mysterious marks in their scripts, repeating a line at Mr. Trevor's suggestion, crossing and recrossing the stage and immediately writing down something again, hastily.

She had no pencil. "I have no pencil," she whispered half to herself. "I ought to have a pencil." Someone gave her one.

"Miss Stafford?" There was a heavy pause; the whole room was looking at her. Ellin took two steps forward and began reading her lines rapidly, with

☆ *Continued on page 66*

ders hunched, his fists in his pockets. "I dare say Marian would send you the money for the trip."

"Of course she would!"

"I understand it's quite customary for relatives to go out and sponge on the successful actors."

"That's a dirty thing to say."

"I don't know how much fun they have," Hugh went on, unperturbed, "being on the outside of everything. Marian has her work, her friends, her success."

"You're not making the least impression on me," Ellin interrupted, "because I've made up my mind."

"All right." He came back to her and there were sharp lines about his mouth. "I don't know what happened tonight, but I can guess. You brought it on yourself. . . ."

THE HEADLIGHTS of a car swept an arc through the window; there was a screech of brakes and a door slammed. Neither Ellin nor Hugh moved. It could not have anything to do with them. But there were footsteps on the porch and the knocker on the door rapped gently.

"Whom are you looking for?" Ellin held the door ajar and did not turn on the porch light.

"Oh, Miss Stafford, it's me, Tess Oakes." The voice was shy, breathless, but somehow urgent so that Ellin opened the door wide to let her in.

Mrs. Oakes' color was high, her bright brown hair tumbled about her face from under a carelessly tied bandanna; the collar of a shabby leather jacket was turned up at her neck and her hands were thrust into woollen gloves. Her eyes were brown with gold flecks in them. Ellin had not really looked at her before, but as Hugh turned on two more lamps she looked at her now, wishing she knew what to say.

"Did you want something?" she asked finally, as Mrs. Oakes seemed to find difficulty in beginning. "Sit down, won't you? This is my husband."

The young woman said "How do you do," and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"I had to come after you." She was looking at Ellin. "I told Hal Trevor I had to. I didn't blame you a bit—you must have thought we were so dumb. But honesly we were scared to death of you! I don't know what you must have thought."

Ellin dropped her coat on a chair and knelt to rebuild the fire. She wanted to be busy about something.

"I don't know just what you mean," she said, her face averted. For some reason she felt touched and a little embarrassed.

Hugh filled his pipe and lighted it. He did not say anything, but he studied their visitor with intense interest.

"We did everything wrong, right from the beginning," Mrs. Oakes tried to explain. "We didn't try to make friends with you and find out what you were like. It wasn't till the rehearsal tonight when I saw you were scared of us that I . . . Oh, I told Hal I felt like a worm and we do so want you to be in the Club!" She pulled off the woollen gloves and twisted them between her fingers.

Ellin sat down on the hearthrug and blinked. It was impossible to be formal with Mrs. Oakes; especially when it was so hard to make head or tail of what she was getting at.

"I did rather lose my temper, didn't I?" Ellin admitted. "And of course I knew I wasn't doing myself justice." She stole a quick glance at Hugh, but though he had removed the eyeshade his face was in shadow and he was not looking at her.

"What I mean is," Mrs. Oakes struggled on, "it's so unfair to you. You can't help looking like your sister, and then we look at you and that's all we see. If you'd come into the Club like anybody else new and tried out like anybody else and begun with a small part, you'd have taken it in your stride and thought it was fun. That's what we do it for—for fun. That's all I wanted to say. Please come back and we'll forget you're Marian Stafford's sister and treat you like—like folks." She smiled, her white teeth shining between full red lips, and looked, Ellin thought, more like a schoolgirl than a faculty wife.

Ellin bit her finger thoughtfully. "I'm going to make some cocoa," she said. "I want to think about what you've said for a few minutes. I think," she went on, "I think I'd like it if you were my friend."

Tess Oakes said, "I'd like it, too."

"Then please take off your coat and come up to the fire, and get acquainted with Hugh. Tell him about Bobby."

"Oh, Bobby's an imp!"

"I like bad little boys." Hugh grinned and gave Ellin's arm a quick squeeze.

ELLIN LIGHTED the oil stove in the kitchen and put the milk on to heat in a red enamel saucepan. You can't help looking like your sister. But she could help it. She could wear her hair cut short and curled close to her head, and sweaters and pleated skirts and a leather jacket. She could look as young and unsophisticated as Tess Oakes, if she wanted to. She could be gay and popular and be in the middle of whatever was going on; plays and teas and even—some day—the Parent-Teachers. If she wanted to.

It wouldn't be easy at first. But with Tess as a friend . . . and Hugh . . . Perhaps that was what Hugh had wanted all along; not that she should stand out ahead of all the rest, but just be one of them. Ellin felt the tenseness that kept her irritable relax suddenly. Just to be herself; never to pretend any more that she was Marian. "Oh," she murmured, half aloud, "I only want to be happy and have fun!"

Later, when Tess was leaving, Ellin went with her to the door, her arm linked in Hugh's. Without his saying anything, just by the way he had looked at her and the tones of his voice, she knew there would be no post-mortems. In her heart she blessed him.

Aloud she said, "I'll take the other part," holding Mrs. Oakes' hand, warm and firm through the woollen glove. "Perhaps you'll help me work it up."

"We'll study together," Tess promised her. "I'm awfully glad, Mrs. Watson—I mean Miss Stafford."

Ellin rubbed her cheek against the rough tweed of Hugh's coat.

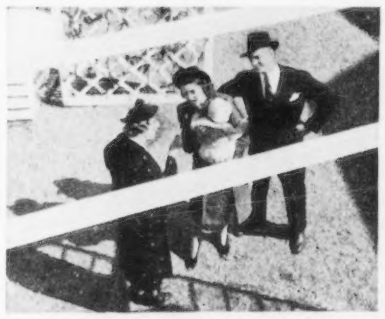
"The name," she said, and her smile was proud and confident, "is Watson."

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"

How Esther raised her baby the modern way . . . in spite of a snoopy neighbor

1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well . . . if it isn't our new mother . . . Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?
ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.
BOB: (Under his breath) Atta girl!

2. NEIGHBOR: Why . . . what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?
ESTHER: Yes, and you certainly made it hard for yourself. Me . . . I'm following *modern* methods.



3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? What kind of bosh is that?
ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care . . . all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.

4. NEIGHBOR: *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!
ESTHER: It is *not!* It stands to reason that if a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods . . . it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative. Yes, even in small doses.

5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!

6. BOB: Oh boy! . . . you sure told off that old snoop about Castoria . . . but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?
ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it . . . the old buttinsky!

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

As an Editor Sees it—

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

Keeping a Promise THERE'S A sigh of relief in checking the pages behind this month, as everything I promised last month is in the issue, finally tucked away for press day. It doesn't always happen that way, for there's many a pitfall between one number and the next. Full of confidence I gaily promise some special feature. Full of sadness, for one reason and another, we have to leave it out . . . Full of remorse I receive letters from irate readers "What kind of a magazine are you publishing, anyway?"

The most exciting news is the beginning of our new serial. I must warn you that the title "Nothing Begins Today" is misleading, for so much begins in the first installment that you'll find an absorbing interest in the next five months, following Biff-Janey and her gay goings-on. You'll find detailed news about the brilliant author, I. A. R. Wylie on page three.

The yarn by Elizabeth York Miller, "Opportunity is What You Want," is a bit of Irish life that glows with reality. And most of us have had some similar experience as that of Alice Feveral in "Journey Home." Elsie Singmaster is one of the internationally famous short story writers—and novelists too. In the story of Ellin Stafford, you'll read about a young wife who was sister to a movie star, and found it difficult to find happiness on her own account.

★

You and the Store Windows IF YOU ever want to feel that "sisters-under-the-skin" glow, stand for some time beside one of the plate glass windows of a big store, and watch the women who pass by. Most of them glance furtively, or frankly, at their reflections in the glass. Many of them wince. Tummies are tucked in swiftly. Lordosis curves are yanked back into line. Those beauty writers who are always urging us to face up squarely to a mirror and learn the worst about ourselves, should, I think, suggest instead that we look bravely at our store window reflections—and then do something about it. Don't you find it a completely unsatisfactory vision of yourself? It's all the more humiliating, as a rule, since in most windows those incredibly disdainful wax models watch one with a haughty snootiness.

It's for women who wince at store window reflections that Carolyn Damon has written her helpful article "Be Your Age." This—and many other similar features planned for the issues ahead—will give you the chance to give back to those wax models stare for stare, with a serene confidence. We believe in writing, not only for those young fashion plates who, it seems, would look enchanting in a piece of sackcloth tied around the middle with a skipping rope—but for the average woman. The average woman wants to know what to avoid. What to combine. What to select from the bewildering array of clothes available.

★

A Bonus On Ideas THAT SAME ambition is reflected in every department of *Chatelaine*. For we want to become an integral part of your daily life as a modern young woman—mastering that most absorbing of all professions, housekeeping. The one rigorous rule laid down for all our writers is —let every sentence possible give some definite information. The other day, I counted the ideas in one issue. There were two hundred and fifty of them—ideas for tangible help in fashions, beauty, home-making, house decorating, baby care, and all the other features of the magazine.

Men in business have their trade-papers to bring them the latest news, shortcuts and advice in their business. Modern home-makers are keenly alert for news and help. Looking ahead, I see many features scheduled to help you in your job . . . For after all, that's ours, isn't it?

I am Ellin Stafford

Continued from page 64

expression this time. The sound of her own voice made her feel more at ease, although as the act progressed she could never remember to write down her moves and business, and several times bumped into people, which threw her off terribly. She envied little Mrs. Oakes, who knew exactly where to go when Mr. Trevor said upper left centre.

I mustn't be nervous, Ellin thought, or I won't be good. And I've got to be good; I've got to.

"THANK YOU very much." It was over and Mr. Trevor was standing behind a chair, addressing the room. There was a buzzing noise in Ellin's head so that she caught only bits of what he was saying. "There may still be a few changes . . . it isn't always possible to know exactly . . . first reading. If the committee does shift you around . . . take it in good part . . . Just wait another five minutes and we'll let you know." He turned and walked over to the casting committee and spoke rapidly in an undertone.

Ellin, a little apart from the others, stood turning the pages of a movie magazine; Marian's face which was her own face gleamed at her suddenly. She smiled, reading the glowing caption underneath it. It made her whole again, secure and proud. Of course she was going to be good.

"Dear lady." Mr. Trevor stood before her, nervously, wiping his forehead. "We've decided, that is, the committee has decided, that since we promised Mrs. Oakes the part last season . . ."

The pages of the magazine fell together with a light slap. Ellin stood very straight.

"You mean," she said, "you mean I'm not . . ."

"There's another very effective part —the girl who goes to Hollywood and makes good." He was holding out the new, slimmer script. "It's not quite so big, but she wears beautiful clothes and I think you'll . . ."

"You mean the girl who can't act!" Above the mink collar Ellin's eyes flashed, then dropped. "You must excuse me," she said. "I'm not accustomed to being . . ."

"Miss Stafford, please!"

Inside the pockets of her coat Ellin's finger nails bit into the palms of her hands. I will help you, Hugh. Really I will. It had been her own voice saying it, light and high; saying it because she meant it. But it was in Marian's voice she answered Mr. Trevor.

"I think Mrs. Oakes would be charming in the part—charming. And I wouldn't dream of interfering with any previous commitments. As a matter of fact, I wasn't very serious about taking part in the play myself, as I may be going to California for the winter." "I'm sure you'll all have a wonderful success." She spoke rapidly, not looking at Mr. Trevor's hands holding out to her the lesser part. If it weren't for me, she was thinking, Hugh would get on with these people. He'd be perfectly happy here if it weren't for me. "It's been nice meeting you," she said, and turned away, walking quickly to the door, her eyes bright, unwavering.

"Please wait a minute." It was Mr. Trevor's voice, but Ellin did not stop.

I WON'T stay in this place, she thought, breathing deeply the thin frosty air. I don't have to stay. It's unendurable. When people—things—are unendurable you don't have to put up with them. That's what the word means. Marian will send the money if I tell her how it is here. I can go to California.

The campus was on her right; dark, tree-shadowed, with lovely old buildings. Ahead of her stretched the long street with its comfortable residences set in generous lawns and gardens. Such a pretty place, if only there were no people in it.

In Hollywood no one would look down on her, think of her as a failure. They wouldn't dare—Marian Stafford's sister.

She turned into the narrow road, hardly wider than a lane, that led to the small house Hugh had found for them; a white painted house with a picket fence and four apple trees. She supposed Hugh would sublet it and live in one of the dormitories. Someone else would make the garden and fill the vases with appleblossoms in the spring.

She put the car in the garage and went in through the side door to the living room. There was a single light burning, but the room was empty, the air chill. The fire had fallen into ashes on the wide hearth. Hugh must be in the study, then, working, not thinking of her, not caring that she was unhappy.

Without taking off her coat, Ellin sat down. She thought of all the cutting things she might have said to Mr. Trevor.

The door to the study opened and Hugh came in. He wore a green celluloid eyeshade and his hair was mussed. He looked tired.

"Hello, Taffy," he said. "I didn't expect you back so soon. Everything go all right?"

For a moment Ellin did not answer. She loved Hugh, or had loved him, but he didn't understand, and even he could not make this place endurable.

"I can't stand it." Her voice was small and hard. "I don't want to interfere with your life and your career, but I can't do anything but what I'm going to do."

Hugh stood before her, looking down, smiling a little, though his eyes were troubled.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "What's happened? Hadn't we better talk it over quietly?"

"It won't do any good to talk about it because I've made up my mind. I'm going out to Marian. Now. At once. I'm never going to see or speak to anyone here again." Her voice rose hysterically. "I'm Ellin Stafford. I don't have to put up with insults—with the stupid jealousy of little people."

Hugh walked to the window and looked out at the gnarled leafless trees.

"If you can't adjust yourself here, if you're going to be resentful and unhappy, I suppose you'd better go." He spoke with his back to her, his shoul-

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